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CORRESPONDENCE 'Priests & Sex': other views

A REPORTER, AN ATTORNEY, THE EDITORS

Clergy abuse: not solved

New Orleans, La.

To the Editors: Your editorial on clergy pedophilia ["Priests & Sex," November 20, 1992] scores "an element of sensationalism in the recent media coverage." I would agree that some outlets, such as talk shows, tend to lay on heat at the expense of light. Yet the most astute TV coverage was by Phil Donahue in 1988. More than prurience, the scope of the crisis explains media interest: an average of one priest every ten days reported to church or civil authorities in the past decade.

This letter is prompted by concern over two points in the editorial: the role of church treatment centers, and the "path-breaking" policy of Chicago's Cardinal Joseph Bernardin.

In *America* [May 9, 1992], Father Canice Connors, a therapist at St. Luke Institute in Suitland, Maryland, has written: "Celibacy did not create the problem of child abuse." Indeed, celibacy does not cause priests to molest children any more than marriage can be blamed for the greater number of men who commit incest. And obviously, the great majority of our priests do not abuse children. But the church's child molestation crisis is rooted in a celibate mindset. Bishops have historically sent repeat offenders to new parishes, with parishioners unaware, while treating victims as pariahs. The old approach of recycling the offender, come what may, has given way to risk assessment—what a man may or may not do. The treatment facilities have a tacit agenda: to return such men to clerical life, if possible. Often, we read, the clinics say it is possible.

Faith teaches forgiveness. When youth are involved, questions of risk are enormous. One need only hear the wrenching accounts of adult survivors who have gone on talk shows, met with reporters, formed a network approaching two thousand members, and most recently, protested to the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. Theirs are the voices of a tragic chorus, beseeching churchmen to amend their ways. "It was one of the most moving experiences I ever had," Cardinal Roger Mahony said of the hour spent with Dennis Gaboury, David Clohessy, Barbara Blaine, and other survivors who spoke at the NCCB. "They've been deeply wounded by the conduct of some of our priests. Their faith has been shattered and in some cases totally lost." Every bishop needs to hear survivors in Cardinal Mahony's spirit.

Literature coming out of the treatment centers contends that ephebophiles (men fixated on adolescents) have a greater potential for rehabilitation than do pedophiles. Data from case studies in these centers are extremely important; the more we understand a crisis, the better the chances of resolving it. But the ephebophile distinction becomes academic. *How many youths must a man molest before he is considered unfit to be a priest?*

Historically, priests serve as role models for Catholic youth. When therapists seek to rehabilitate ephebophiles, while restricting their access to youths, a tradition of priestly life hangs in the balance. Men with predatory or abusive tendencies toward the young should not be priests. This is not a law-and-order mentality; it is common sense. Help these disordered men, yes; provide treatment, which in some cases may be preferable to incarceration; but get them out of the priesthood. Many have already had one advantage: judges sympathetic to the church allowed them to enter treatment instead of prison.

The church is desperate to attract unmarried males. The yearly exodus of 1,300 priests to marry, coupled with the surge of gays through the seminaries and into the priesthood in the last generation, has radically changed ecclesiastical culture. The abuse cases are symptomatic of a greater denial with respect to homosexuality, a clergy phenomenon of vast proportions. Psychodynamics of this environment have only begun to be stu
The Rev. Andrew Greeley recently r
a gathering of Victims of Clergy A
Linkup that the clergy, as a caste, s
lacks professional standards of acc
ability. At the same conference, R
Sipe linked "long-term complicity
celibate/sexual system with the origins
maintenance of the [abuse] probler
This culture, honeycombed with secre
about sexual behavior, does not ha
democracy's equivalent of checks a
balances.

In that vein, consider Cardinal Be
ardin's steps. The lay review board
proposed in 1988 by a Catholic coupl
suburban Northbrook who wanted
pastor and principal removed for abus
their seven-year-old son. The archdioc
refused both requests. Reluctantly,
couple sued—and were promptly c
tersued for defamation by pastor and pr
cipal. Later, a second couple met w
Bernardin to report similar accusations
their son against the pastor. The boys
not know each other. The prosecutor,
ing reelection, refused to indict, th
opened a probe after he won. W
Bernardin informed the second co
that the charges were "unfounded,"

(Continued on page 27)

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COMMONWEAL

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Live & let live

Pushing, shoving, name-calling—the stuff of playground skirmishes—has broken out among the adults: New York City school leaders, bureaucrats, politicians, and parents are jeering and jabbing. But what might have begun as a fracas born of bureaucratic bungling has now become a major battle in the culture wars: When does the struggle to prevent discrimination against homosexuals become an effort to gain social approval of homosexual relationships? The fight in New York may prove instructive elsewhere.

The immediate focus of the New York skirmish is a multicultural curriculum, "Children of the Rainbow," that Schools Chancellor Joseph Fernandez sent to the city's thirty-two school districts for implementation. One section urged that primary school children, including first graders, be introduced to the idea that same-sex couples be seen as normal family units, and it urged teachers to include references to gays and lesbians in all curricular areas. *Heather Has Two Mommies*, a story book listed as a reading resource, is about a child conceived through artificial insemination being raised by two lesbian moms.

Development of a multicultural curriculum began several years ago as an effort to teach tolerance and reduce prejudice in the public schools; along the way it acquired the units on gays and lesbians and homosexual family groups. It has now become the occasion for a confrontation between Fernandez and District 24 in Queens, over *who* should decide *what*, if anything, to teach primary school children about homosexuality and homosexual relationships.

How the curriculum actually came to be written and implemented is only belatedly being told in the city's newspapers (a story in itself): how the gay and lesbian materials were included; how the curriculum passed muster with reviewers, consultants, the chancellor's staff (some of whom say they never saw the contested material); and how it was sent for implementation to New York's thirty-two local school boards where it met fierce, and perhaps fatal, opposition from District 24.

Pressed by the Gay and Lesbian Teachers' Association, the Central Board's curriculum office engaged a lesbian first-grade teacher to contribute a gay perspective. Her text seems to have been included without vetting or consultation. It sailed through. That is, until the curriculum was rejected by District 24, which cited, in part, its own right under decentralization regulations to shape the curriculum. Other local districts deleted, rewrote, or postponed to a later grade the material on gay families. For its rejection of the curriculum and refusal to negotiate an alternative, Chancellor Fernandez suspended the board of District 24. Mr. Fernandez has called opposition to the curriculum a "malicious, highly organized campaign to distort" its contents.

Because the strongest opposition has come from the District 24 board, which is made up solely of white Catholics, that resistance to the curriculum has been at-

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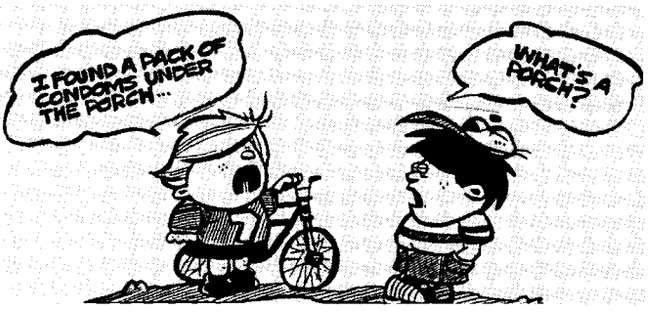
tributed to machinations by leaders of the Catholic church, accusations that recall the nineteenth-century nativists who saw immigrant Catholics marching to the papal baton. An African-American district in Queens and a Hispanic one in the Bronx have also rejected the curriculum, and none of the remaining districts has accepted it without substantial revisions. Church officials have testified against the curriculum, but Mary Cummins, the president of District 24's board, for better or worse, marches to her own drummer. Her opposition galvanized other school boards and parents, many of whom are not Catholic, and many of whom are deeply troubled about what their children will be taught in schools on the subject of homosexuality.

The ins and outs of this continuing saga are marked by all of the Byzantine maneuvering the rest of the country expects from New Yorkers and their politics. Still, there may be some lessons in this for normal America.

Lesson 1. "Love me, love my lifestyle" cannot be the foundation for the tolerance, respect, and civil rights that gays and lesbians want and deserve. "Live and let live" has been the genuine strength of the pluralism by which New Yorkers have long survived, just as a spirit of agreeing to disagree has moderated the city's diversity of cultures, moral views, and life styles. Now we are seeing a new kind of pluralism, "enforced diversity." In a *New York Times* op-ed piece, Richard Vigilante argues, "Rather than asking us to live together in peace despite our deepest disagreements, enforced diversity asks us to surrender those disagreements, to pretend that our deepest beliefs do not matter and to shed them for a government-enforced least common denominator of values" (December 12, 1992).

Lesson 2. Don't introduce moral conflicts into the classroom when adults themselves are deeply and honestly conflicted. Homosexuals want gay bashing to stop, they want discrimination in jobs and housing to end, and most Americans agree with them. But some homosexuals want more than tolerance. "Gay-rights groups, emboldened by the election of openly gay and lesbian candidates in New York and around the country but vulnerable because of political setbacks elsewhere, view the gay curriculum as a measure of acceptance" (*New York Times*, December 15, 1992). The Gay and Lesbian Teachers' Association lobbied the curriculum office to include materials on gay relationships. Those who want such relationships to be regarded as the equivalent of heterosexual marriages should know that most Americans don't agree with them. In fact, the religious beliefs of most Americans still hold that homosexual acts are wrong. Thus, what the polling data tell us about citizen support for the rights of homosexuals needs to be tempered by the recognition that the moral views of most Americans are not likely to regard homosexual relationships with favor. No parents who honestly hold such a belief could responsibly allow their children to sit in a class where such approval is promoted.

Lesson 3. Political correctness is a fatal barrier to open and honest debate about such moral disagreements. In academia, PC has proved a powerful vehicle through which minorities enforce their claims upon the majority. The moral power of this ingenious tactic lies in the unwillingness of a majority to seem to be intolerant of views advanced by a small but



aggrieved group (sometimes justifiably aggrieved), even when those particular views may be wrong or wrong-headed. What may seem to work in academia, however, is fatal in a representative government where opposing views must be openly and honestly considered. In the case of the "Rainbow Curriculum," the views of parents, school board members, and probably a majority of New Yorkers were denied legitimacy by being ruled out of the debate. Chancellor Fernandez treated opposition to the Rainbow Curriculum as a species of bigotry. Mayor David Dinkins gave whole-hearted support to the curriculum and Fernandez. Other politicians, civic leaders, and bureaucrats joined in. The media's own biases served until recently to obscure the issues and to deny a public voice to those who oppose treating heterosexual and homosexual relationships as moral equivalents. As a result of the showdown with District 24's board, what had been treated as a fracas over educational policy making is gradually revealing itself as a species of political strong-arming.

Coming on the heels of a brutal battle over AIDS education and condom distribution in the high schools last year, this year's struggle has subverted the justifiable goal of reducing discrimination against gays and of nurturing tolerance in a city where a tradition of "live and let live" has had a long and honorable working life.

AN EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

CLINTON SOUNDS GOOD
BUT NOW A WORD FROM SCROOGE

There are various ways, in addition to tranquilizers, of coping with the fissiparous and contingent nature of modern life. Philosophically many of those on the liberal end of the spectrum, including *Commonweal*, look to communitarianism as a way of ameliorating the distortions of liberal individualism. Communitarianism emphasizes the reciprocal nature of rights and responsibilities, and embraces traditional mediating institutions such as the family, churches, and neighborhoods in an effort to forge a sense of moral cohesion and political momentum. It's modern liberalism's somewhat dowdy and sensible cousin.

In the *Chronicle of Higher Education* (December 2, 1992)

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the political philosopher William A. Galston wrote enthusiastically of President-elect Bill Clinton's use of communitarian ideas and rhetoric ("New Covenant," etc.). Galston thinks the communitarian critique of Reaganism and of rights-based, interest-group liberalism offers a "'third' way of conceiving government and policy."

This is a complex argument and it can be too easily oversimplified. I have strong sympathy for the communitarian agenda, and some version of it is doubtless the best hope for the Democratic party. Yet I suspect that communitarianism's hope of marrying a liberal sense of self-determination with some compelling idea of the common good is finally sentimental—more a symptom of what we have undoubtedly lost than a realistic appraisal of the fractious conditions we face.

If we are serious about pluralism, we may have to live with a public language that has few words for solidarity and perhaps even fewer about the common good. That's a recipe for political frustration, but ironically we probably have little choice in the matter. Where choice is the first principle of social and political organization, moral inconclusiveness is the admission price.

Communitarianism's hope for mediating institutions seems forlorn as well. Families and churches, not to mention neighborhoods, are hardly the crucibles of identity they were even forty years ago. We are all liberals now, and that means we see ourselves as free to choose even our most basic associations. The idea that a church or any other organization might exert some self-evident moral claim on anyone is hard to square with increasingly absolutist notions of the autonomous self. As David Carlin writes in this issue, an "institutional identity" is archaic in a mobile and achieving society such as ours. Where the rub comes is in the ineffectuality of liberal institutions such as public schools or welfare agencies. The social and moral strength of traditional institutions—their ability to sustain relationships, solve problems, and care for their own—is understandably envied in a society where too many people experience "mobility" as the fall beyond institutional protections of any kind. That envy accounts for much of communitarianism's appeal.

Communitarians argue that we can achieve a common good without sacrificing essential liberal prerogatives. Galston, for example, claims that such alchemy is evident in the civil rights and environmental movements. He hopes more dramatic political progress based "on widely shared moral sentiments" lies ahead in the areas of the family, work, and citizen responsibility. I hope he's right, but I wonder. The civil rights and environmental agendas are problematic, to say the least. And exactly what are our "shared moral sentiments" about the family?

Aside from Clinton's skillful use of rhetoric, I see little evidence that the Democratic party is interested in moral consensus on issues such as abortion, crime, welfare, feminism, homosexual rights, or race. If abortion is any indication, compromise is viewed as tantamount to betrayal. On the most neuralgic cultural issues, the pursuit of group self-interest remains the paradigm. If Clinton's cabinet appointment process is any indication of how Democrats will govern, dividing up the pie remains a much greater passion than either sharing or expanding it. No less than classic market capitalism, interest-group politics holds that the whole is best served by the minimally restrained ambitions of its competing parts.

Clinton has been something of a genius in bringing together his party, but it remains to be seen whether a "third way" exists. I fear that the logic of liberalism as popularly understood will only continue to erode the idea of moral consensus. And ultimately, I don't see how communitarianism can overcome the problem of voluntary association inherent in the broader liberal vision it embraces. Our liberal faith and sense of self demand that all social relations, from marriage to religion, be freely chosen and freely terminated if so desired. This has proved a great liberation, at least for those who can take advantage of such freedoms. But politically and socially it means that sustaining any community of obligation or any organizational effort over time is very difficult, for that requires making choices, not just praising choice. Our political energies go into attracting and securing an always precarious loyalty—as Clinton's representational cabinet suggests—not solving problems. Solving problems requires a more explicit and binding moral commitment—a firmer institutional identity if you will—than liberalism seems capable of tolerating.

I hope Clinton proves me wrong and that Galston is right on these questions. But at the moment I just don't see many "shared moral sentiments" on the horizon. In the end, I suspect that we come to share moral sentiments when we share institutional commitments, and not the other way round.

PAUL BAUMANN

WHAT THE ELECTION HATH WROUGHT

SKEPTICISM SOFTENS

CAN AMERICANS LOVE POLITICS AGAIN?

We Americans have such a heroic view of our role in world history that the late historian Richard Hofstadter was once moved to comment that ours was the only country which saw itself as starting with perfection and aspiring to progress. As campaign speeches and inaugural addresses regularly remind us, we are a "shining city on the hill," a "beacon of liberty," an experiment and an exemplar. When democracy needs refreshment, it turns to America first. After all, when they had kings and corrupt nobles, we had Jefferson, Adams, and Tom Paine. When they had Hitler and Stalin, we had Roosevelt and Truman.

At the beginning of the 1992 presidential campaign, we seemed to have lost that feeling of exceptionalism. We were glad so many other countries were turning to democracy, but sensed democracy was decaying at home. Japan and Germany were working better than the United States, so we kept telling our-

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selves. Voter turnout kept dropping. The federal government was "gridlocked" as President George Bush and Democrats in Congress just kept throwing stuff at each other up and down Pennsylvania Avenue. Political campaigns were vacuous and divisive at the same time, a neat trick. Real problems facing the country went undiscussed, buried as they were under an avalanche of contrived political advertisements about a character called Willie Horton and pollution in some harbor up in New England. Talk radio lines sizzled with the sounds of angry voters determined to throw incumbents out, bums and nonbums alike.

Perhaps paradoxically, it was this angry mood, combined with and deepened by economic stagnation, that contributed to what turned out to be a remarkably high-quality campaign last year. Voter impatience with peripheral issues drove the candidates and the media alike back to basics—how to spur reasonably well-distributed economic growth, how to pay for universal health care, how to train this generation and the next for actually existing jobs. Among the many values of the "talk show" campaign was that it gave voters a degree of control over the political agenda that they had not enjoyed before. They used that power effectively.

The fundamental mistake Bush and the Republicans made was in assuming that this anger was purely and simply a reaction against government, and that it could be appeased and appealed to with the sort of antigovernment slogans that characterized the Reagan era. The latest round of anger was indeed a reaction to the failure of government, but this time around it was a demand not for less government, but for more effective government. The most striking fact about the 1992 campaign was thus the utter collapse of the Republican coalition that Ronald Reagan had built. George Bush ran 10 million votes behind his 1988 showing and an astonishing 16 million votes behind Ronald Reagan's 1984 performance. With a lot of help from Ross Perot, Bush ended up presiding over the end of a Republican presidential era that began with Richard Nixon's election in 1968. No, the Republican party isn't dead; there's nothing wrong with the Republican party that 10 percent inflation wouldn't cure. But a particular Republican coalition, built around a particular set of issues, is gone. If Republicans are to win again, they need to rebuild both intellectually and electorally.

In a radically transformed political climate, the old Republican standby issues of race, "family values," and crime did not work very well, especially against Bill Clinton, who had learned the lessons of past Democratic defeats. And Perot's impact on the contest was to focus an election already driven by the economy even more toward pocket-book issues, and toward the failures of "trickle down economics," which he attacked as fervently as Clinton.

In the end, Bush lost ground for the Republicans everywhere. But most alarming for Republicans in the long term were their shrunken or disappearing margins in their suburban bastions. Back in 1988, it was said frequently—and not just by Republicans—that since the 1992 election marked the first time that a majority of the votes would be cast in the suburbs, 1992 would herald a new round of ineluctable Republican victories.

Like many predictions predicated on a strong Bush administration, this one misfired badly. In 1988, for example, Bush carried rapidly growing San Bernardino County, California, by 84,000 votes over Michael Dukakis. In 1992, Clinton (with help from Ross Perot) carried the county by 8,000 votes. In DuPage County, where Chicago suburbanites provided Bush with his Illinois victory margin in 1988, Clinton (and Perot) cut Bush's margin in half, from 123,000 votes to just 64,000 votes this year. In Macomb County, the virtually all-white Detroit suburban areas where many ethnic Reagan Democrats live, Bush's margin dropped from 63,000 to 16,000. In the meantime, Clinton increased the Democratic total vote in many of his party's traditional urban strongholds like Cook County (Chicago) and Wayne County (Detroit), proving that it was possible for a Democrat to win the inner cities and appeal to suburbanites as well. In Wayne County, to pick a particularly dramatic example, Clinton increased the Democratic margin from 158,000 in 1988 to 245,000 in 1992.

Finally, Clinton won back millions of white Southern votes. This destroyed what Republicans thought was the "lock" on the South, which had been one of the most important building blocks of their ascendancy. In the eleven states of the Old Confederacy, Bush had defeated Dukakis by 4 million votes, 13.5 million to 9.5 million. In 1992, Bush's margin in these states shrank to 330,000 votes: 11.59 million for Bush, 11.26 million for Clinton and 4.3 million for Perot.

These numbers make the point that it is a mistake to limit the meaning of the 1992 election to Clinton's healthy but hardly overwhelming margin over Bush nationwide. It would have been a similar mistake to downplay Nixon's far narrower triumph over Hubert Humphrey in 1968. To focus only on Clinton's margin ignores the 19 million people who voted for Perot and ignores the message they were trying to send. Just as the vote for George Wallace in 1968 showed how mad people were at the Democrats, so did Perot's vote this year show how mad voters were at the Republicans, and at politicians in general.

One of the most striking responses to Clinton's election has come from Western Europe, where the same democratic distemper that we have experienced is taking hold. European voters are no less worried than Americans about what the rise of the global economy and the end of the cold war means to the future. They are no less impatient than we with a stagnating economy and with the sense that national governments are increasingly powerless to do much about it. By many accounts, our Western European friends are positively jealous of our ability to move so quickly to throw out a whole political generation and start anew with a politician like Clinton who, if nothing else, understands the yearning for new departures and for an end to a political debate that has become stale and irrelevant.

Herein lies Clinton's opportunity. It is for him to restore our belief in democracy's capacity for self-correction. He is blessed by the fact that expectations of government have fallen so low that merely changing the direction of the country and its mood may be enough to guarantee him popularity. And to judge from the exit polls, some 40 percent of the Perot constituency al-

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ready rather likes him, giving the new president a larger base to govern from than his 43 percent of the vote would suggest.

But Clinton and "the system" are still on probation, with both the Perot voters and many of Clinton's more reluctant supporters acting as probation officers. In 1992, Americans learned again that politics can be important, useful, even exciting. But we are far from falling in love with politics again. Healing the anger that the last two decades unleashed will take more than one election, and perhaps more than one administration.

E.J. DIONNE, JR.

E. J. Dionne, Jr., author of Why Americans Hate Politics *(recently published in paperback by Touchstone), writes about politics for the* Washington Post.

REPORT FROM PEORIA

LABOR'S METAMORPHOSIS?

THE HIGH STAKES AT CATERPILLAR

Out in the American heartland a labor drama as important as any in recent memory is being played out with little notice. Indeed, the outcome of the one-year-old struggle between the United Auto Workers (UAW) and Caterpillar Inc., the Peoria-based construction equipment giant, will set the tone for U.S. labor relations during the 1990s.

The UAW struck Caterpillar in November 1991. As strikes go it was hardly acrimonious. Few picketers were arrested and no great scenes of battle transpired. But negotiations were another matter. The company and union met periodically, but over a five-month period talks grew unfriendly and got nowhere. Then, dramatically, 163 days after the walkout began, the 12,000 strikers came back to work under a company-imposed contract. The UAW's decision to send its members back came just eight days after Caterpillar had threatened to replace any union worker who failed to return. It wasn't an idle warning: Caterpillar took job applications, which arrived in the thousands, and promised to start hiring a new work force in early May.

The UAW ended the strike insisting it hadn't lost. It would simply move the struggle into Caterpillar's factories. UAW Secretary-Treasurer Bill Casstevens announced workers would "work to rule," slowing production and creating product shortages. That, he insisted, would force the company to negotiate a contract along union lines.

"How will it play in Peoria?" is a question corporate chieftains and the American labor movement are asking as they watch the bitter struggle. The stakes are high. If Caterpillar manages to withstand the union in-plant campaign, it'll have shown that a major manufacturer can nullify the right to strike by threatening to permanently replace workers walking a picket line. Other companies are likely to learn the lesson, says University of California labor economist Harley Shaiken, and get tougher with unions. But if the UAW wins, shop floor strategies might blossom across the country, giving workers a new tool to express their aspirations as the strike weapon slowly loses its power.

Why has labor peace proven so elusive at Caterpillar? Wages and benefits aren't the problem. The economic differences between the union and company aren't insurmountable. The UAW is seeking a top maximum wage of $40,458 by late 1994. The company is offering $39,915. The union, in keeping with its long-held position on health insurance benefits, wants to keep the current health-care plan, a package that doesn't require any payments from workers. Caterpillar wants workers to pay a small monthly premium and use specific providers.

But the real dispute arises out of a less tangible set of issues, which Caterpillar chief executive Donald Fites labels "the right to manage." He says the UAW, using the old practice of "pattern bargaining," tried to commandeer the company by demanding that it accept what rival Deere & Co. granted in its 1991 contract. If it had agreed to what Deere accepted, Caterpillar would have had to remain neutral if the union tried to organize the company's 2,000 nonunion factory employees, guarantee a specific number of union jobs, and give the union input on which jobs should be performed by outside suppliers. Fites insists he'll never agree to those demands.

Now the UAW is backed into a corner. The contract Caterpillar has imposed guarantees a two-tier wage system in coming years. It savages overtime, by giving the company the power to put workers on a flexible schedule, which will make weekend work and ten-hour days routine. Worse yet, the contract guts future jobs, by offering six-year job security for the current work force, while making no commitments to the size of Caterpillar's work force thereafter.

Shaiken, who has discussed the dispute with several Caterpillar executives, believes the company simply doesn't want the union involved in its business. "This was an ideological conflict," he says. More to the point, the UAW says Caterpillar wants a union like those in Japan, where workers tend to subordinate their interests to those of the corporation. "They want a company union," says one UAW local leader.

Thing is, the company almost had one. Though Caterpillar and the UAW had dueled fiercely from 1955 until the early 1980s, company and union relations had steadily improved since an ugly 205-day strike in 1982. In fact, from 1988 until late 1991, Caterpillar's UAW work force had helped boost productivity over 30 percent and saved the company close to $50 million by aggressively participating in Caterpillar's highly touted quality program.

The animosity generated by Caterpillar's moves has clobbered such cooperation. At a time when "self-directed work teams" and "employee involvement" have become the watchwords of world-class American manufacturers, Caterpillar no longer has any formal participation program. The company canceled it in September 1992. "It was dead anyway," says one Aurora, Illinois-based Caterpillar worker.

That may or may not be the result of the UAW's counter thrust. At Caterpillar's Aurora facility, which accounts for only 5 percent of its $10 billion sales, the UAW claims the produc-

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tion slowdown has caused the company to miss its output goals by up to 40 percent. But the evidence is scant, and even if it's true—and Caterpillar officials deny any production shortfalls—the company can make up the difference by importing tractors from factories in Europe and Japan.

Still, if the UAW is already scoring some successes—the campaign really only took off last fall—the possibility of larger shortfalls looms later. What's certainly true now is that Caterpillar has a deeply disaffected work force. Customers who have visited its factories report workers appear listless and uninvolved. That could eventually undermine quality, and in turn, hurt sales and profits.

The UAW's hand would be strengthened considerably if the Clinton administration, as promised, quickly signs legislation banning the hiring of permanent replacements in labor disputes. That could change the equation overnight, and force the company back to the bargaining table even before the effects of an in-plant strategy are fully felt.

Ultimately though, the union has the most to lose. If the UAW is forced to accept an imposed contract at Caterpillar, it'll hardly have the power to face down the Big Three auto companies when they come asking for concessions in their contract discussions next year. If the UAW can't win public support and an acceptable contract from a healthy company like Caterpillar, how will it fare against ailing General Motors, which is losing billions and has 74,000 layoffs scheduled?

Meanwhile, other unions know if the mighty, 850,000- strong UAW can be defeated in Peoria, their prospects are bleak. If the UAW doesn't succeed, unions are girding for a backlash that could turn the dark days of the Reagan administration into a prelude.

KEVIN KELLY

Kevin Kelly, a writer for BusinessWeek, *is based in Chicago.*

OF SEVERAL MINDS Abigail McCarthy

SOME CAUSE FOR HOPE

THERE'S A THERE THERE

New administrations do not make all things new but, for a while, at least, they make us feel as if the world is fresh and beginning anew is possible. This new administration brings with it, too, a sense of problems being tackled by people whose minds and sensibilities were shaped "out there" in the far-flung America beyond the interlocking centers of Washington, New York, and the enclaves of New England academia.

Are they different out there? Yes, says one of our national icons, comedian Bob Hope. One night, when flipping from channel to channel, I happened on one of his specials. He was explaining that all comedians "bomb" sometimes and told the story of his doing so in Fort Worth, Texas, early on in his own career. He had come on stage and launched into the patter that had been successful in New York—bing, bing, bing, one one-liner after another. And no one laughed.

Hope was so dismayed that he headed for the exit intent on leaving town. He was stopped by one of the managers who told him that there was nothing wrong with his material—he had just delivered it too fast. Slow down, he was told, these people don't lead hurried lives. They do not live at the frenetic pace of New Yorkers. They like to take things slowly. He learned then, said Hope, that this was a big country and people varied from region to region—even in how they found things funny.

Having just come back from Seattle, I listened to his anecdote with new appreciation. They are different out there, too. Seattle is not a paradise. It has crime and gangs, poverty and unemployment, just like other cities. But so many people from other parts of the country want to live there that one of the local columnists has, tongue-in-cheek, started a Lesser Seattle Club. Its members are not to let people know how great living in the Seattle area is.

On a sunny day it would be hard to convince a visitor that it was not great. The city's lakes sparkle. The glistening snow-capped Olympics rise in the west, the Cascades in the east, and across Elliot Bay, Mount Rainier, only a hundred miles away, pierces the clouds. Seattlites live in the outdoors—boating, fishing, mountain climbing are easy of access. Even in its more usual drizzly weather, Seattle life holds many good things—fine book stores, foreign film theaters, and a plethora of coffee bars where people linger reading, talking, and drinking latté. The people of Seattle are friendly to each other and to strangers.

Living in Seattle, however, requires an adjustment for newcomers, especially those from the East, says a young friend of mine who has chosen to make it her place to live and work. "At first you miss the intensity and the constant stimulation. You have to learn to be quiet, to just sit and be, to savor life and beauty." At a business workshop she was told of "the Rainier factor" that purveyors of goods and services there must take into account. The phrase, "the Rainier factor," is shorthand for saying that people in Seattle are content with fewer material goods because they take time to sit and look at Mount Rainier—a metaphor for the good life. Consequently Seattle has a large proportion of the over-educated and the underemployed—a fact that affects market and pricing for professionals and those launching into business. They, too, must be content with less. Most are. It is the price of living where they want to be.

People are different, too, in the heartland from where I came. I have been reminded of that in reading letters from the 1930s-era graduates of my high school for whom, in a rash moment, I volunteered to write a newsletter. These are people less dependent on national and international events and trends than Easterners are. It is not that they are unaware of them but events and celebrations close to home en-

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gage more of their attention.

"This is a very interesting area where I live," writes one of the alumnae reporting on her life. In my mind's eye I see her, a serene, calm, and smiling white-haired woman who has lived all of her life on a farm, first in Minnesota where she was born, then in Wisconsin with her husband of fifty-three years. She is happily in touch with her five children, grown and scattered now, but busy with her own life, and appreciative of its variety. She tells of the ginseng growers nearby, the largest growers in the country. "They sell the ginseng to China where they use it for medicine. Two or three Chinese are in the area all year to check on the crop." She writes of the Amish in a settlement not far away. "They live like our great grandparents....They are good people, always the first ones to help in the case of fire or tornadoes."

She is busy with the activities common to life in rural America—volunteer work for the Christian Mothers' Society, acting as vice-president of the County Extension Home-makers' Club, sharing in a birthday club in her neighborhood. Her year is studded with the local festivals common to the small-town Midwest. There are "cheese days" in her post office town of Colby "with all sorts of activities" and a parade. And every year there is a huge antique show near Wausau, the urban center of her world.

"Our family has an antique steam engine....Thousands come to see them thresh and saw lumber with the engines—there are eleven in the show. They have three dance bands, a large building with all kinds of antiques on display, and about twenty-five flea markets. Food and beer stands are busy all day."

It may seem a strange life to sophisticates but no one can deny that it has been a life lived to the full with enjoyment—a life lived in touch with family and community, a very Midwestern life.

Perhaps the most different of those "out there," and those we most need to understand, come from Arkansas. Laura Sessions Stepp, a Washington writer who spent her early life in that state, thinks Washingtonians need to learn what Arkansans are "and definitely are not" (*Washington Post*, November 29, 1992).

"Arkansans are, no question, folks of modest means. Even well-to-do residents have only to go back, one, maybe two, generations to recall a life that was not comfortable by Washington standards....Today, Arkansas is still a collection of small, very Southern communities...we have the Old South's distrust of all things Northern, especially Washington and its bossy big-government presumptions. We have no Atlanta or New Orleans, and our biggest city, Little Rock, is one-third the size of the District [of Columbia]. In these small and unaffluent places, individual generosity supplements government beneficence, because it has to. You help your neighbor because someday you may need your neighbor's help.

"This man isn't here just for free drinks, Senator. He wants some answers."

"Hard times also help explain why many Arkansans distrust the wealthy and why the state historically has been more populist/progressive than its Southern sisters, sending people to Congress like [Senator William] Fulbright and Senator Joe T. Robinson, the majority leader who steered Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal legislation through Congress.

"Arkansans generally make shrewd politicians, since making a way out of no way is a thing that tends to be learned early. Clinton may have picked up some of his bulldog tactics by watching Fulbright, for whom he worked."

Maybe, just maybe, with new leaders we will start anew, slowed down like Bob Hope's Texans, savoring life like the people of Seattle, enjoying its simple pleasures like my Midwestern sister alumna, being at once thrifty and generous like the people of Arkansas, and, like them, exerting the tenacity necessary to effect needed change. □

OF SEVERAL MINDS David R. Carlin, Jr.

BISHOPS & GENERALS

INSTITUTIONAL IDENTITIES

Recently a letter to the editor appeared in a local newspaper. It was written by an irate Catholic woman who warned that the Catholic church had better straighten out its act regarding women—a rectification which would involve, among other things, admitting women to the priesthood—otherwise it will soon find few women in its ranks.

I sympathize with those who favor the ordination of women, and I confess that my deficient education in theology makes it hard for me to grasp the cogency of the most popular argument to the contrary, namely, that if Jesus had wanted women to be priests he would have anticipated our

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late-twentieth-century controversy and, like Bill Clinton, appointed a few of them to his cabinet of twelve apostles. Nonetheless I'm not holding my breath while waiting for the church to collapse if it decides to continue keeping women out. Rome has a long track record of surviving apparently unwise decisions.

The Catholic hierarchy, it turns out, is not the only hierarchy interested in keeping the door closed on certain newcomers. High-ranking military folks are none too pleased that President Clinton plans to remove the ban against homosexuals in the Army, Navy, and Air Force. Now my sympathy with the gay rights movement is something less than profound, as I have explained once or twice in this space; so I might be expected to be receptive to good arguments for keeping gays and lesbians out of the military. But to date I haven't heard any. To the credit of the generals and admirals, it should be noted, no one who opposes the admission of homosexuals has yet argued that if Jesus had wanted gays in the military he would have mentioned it during his gospel conversation with the Roman centurion.

But as Cardinal Newman used to point out, the reasons we have are often not the reasons we give, even when we are trying to be perfectly sincere. There's frequently a significant gap between intuitive insight and the abstract formula offered as an expression of that insight. In short, the bishops and generals may have better reasons than they are giving for keeping the door shut on women and gays.

Priests and career military officers have much in common: both have committed their lives to institutions. They don't just work for an institution, as most of us do. They have gone much further than that; they have identified themselves with the institutions; it is the institution that gives them their personal identity. This is even more true for priests than for career military personnel, since the latter have something of a nonmilitary life even during their years of service (they usually marry and have children), and they normally retire before the age of fifty.

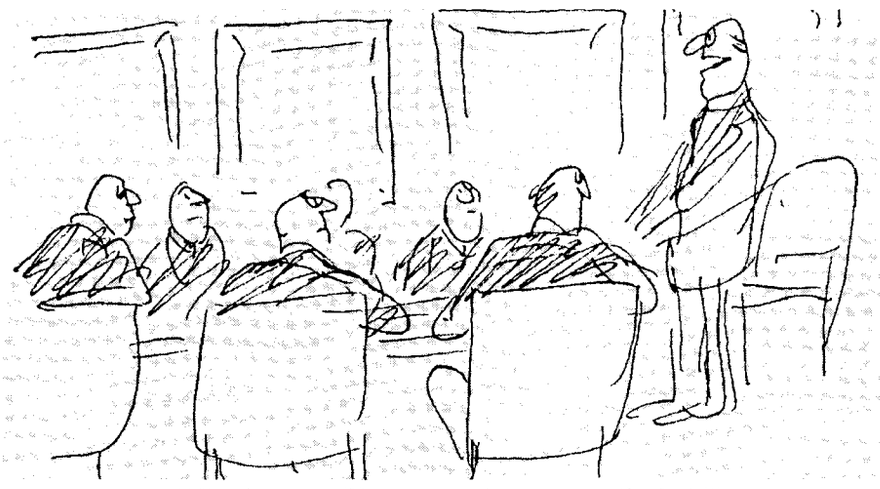
But if career military people don't go quite as far as priests in their level of institutional identification, they nonetheless go much, much farther than most contemporary Americans. If we were to construct a spectrum showing the degree of identification between personality and institution, priests and military officers would be at one end of the spectrum while most Americans would be at the other end. For the most part Americans are individualists, not institutionalists. We may belong to institutions or use them or work for them; but we do not identify ourselves with them, especially not with a single institution. Many of us, it will be said, identify ourselves in terms of our professions. Yes, but professionalism is not the same as institutionalism; far from it. In fact, the more a person identifies with his or her profession, the less likely it is that he or she will identify with some particular institution. Professionals are notorious for shifting institutional allegiances, moving from one corporation, hospital, university, law firm, etc., to another. It is a professional imperative that causes this fickleness: If institution B will provide me with better opportunities to exercise my professional skills than institution A, then it becomes something of a professional obligation to desert A in favor of B.

Now, the gay rights movement is inspired by an individualist mentality, not a spirit of institutionalism; in fact it is probably the most striking example on the current American scene of the philosophy of radical individualism. Those pushing for admission of homosexuals to the military are not doing so because they have a profound personal commitment to the well-being of the Army, Navy, and Air Force; they could care less about these institutions. They are doing so because they have a profound personal commitment to promoting and defending what they conceive to be the rights of gays and lesbians.

The situation is somewhat different when it comes to the question of women in the priesthood, since those pushing hardest for ordination of women normally have a high level of commitment to the Catholic church; they themselves are located pretty far toward the institutionalist end of the spectrum. But they have powerful allies in the outside world—in the press and public opinion, including some Catholic public opinion—whose support for the ordination of women has nothing to do with institutionalism and everything to do with a philosophy of radical individualism; and most of these allies could care less about the well-being of the Catholic church.

The bishops and generals, I suspect, understand that there is something more involved here than the relatively narrow issues of women in the priesthood and gays in the military. They sense that to give in on these points would be to capitulate to an individualist mentality which is fundamentally hostile to the institutionalist mentality on which they have staked their lives and upon which the future of their institutions depends.

Of course this is still not a good enough reason to reject women and gays. If your enemy advances a legitimate claim on you, you have no choice but to give him his due, even if he advances the claim from bad motives. □



"All in favor say, 'Hey, man, you've got yourself a deal!'"

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THE ECUMENICAL TASK: 1993

JUDITH HERSHCOPF BANKI

BALTIMORE & EISENACH

In the spring and summer of 1992, two important international Jewish-Christian conferences took place on two continents: one in the United States, the other in Europe. One was a Vatican-Jewish meeting, the other a consultation of the International Council of Christians and Jews (ICCJ). One was Catholic-Jewish, the other more broadly Christian-Jewish. How were they alike? How different?

From May 4 to 7, some sixty official representatives and invitees of the International Catholic-Jewish Liaison Committee (ILC), consisting of the Holy See's Commission for Religious Relations with the Jews and the International Jewish Committee on Interreligious Consultations (IJCIC), came together in Baltimore, Maryland. Hosted by Baltimore's Archbishop William H. Keeler at Saint Mary's Seminary and University, cochaired by Cardinal Edward I. Cassidy of the Holy See and Mr. Edgar Bronfman, president of the World Jewish Congress and current chair of IJCIC, it was the fourteenth meeting of the ILC, and the first to be held in the Western Hemisphere.

The meeting had three broad foci, intended for discussion and reflection in depth: the Shoah, its meaning for Jews and Catholics; education, with particular reference to the way Catholics and Jews teach about one another in their textbooks and educational institutions; and what both groups called *Tikkun Olam*, "healing the world," i.e., common action toward shared goals. Because of the ban on "theological discussion" by the Orthodox rabbinate, who make up a part of IJCIC, conference ground rules excluded explicit theological language from the proceedings. (Whether it is possible to impose this artificial condition on serious discussions between Roman Catholic and Jewish religious thinkers is another question, considered later.)

From July 12 to 16, an interreligious consultation of the International Council of Christians and Jews took place in "Haus Hainstein," a modest residence of the German Protestant church in Eisenach, in the formerly East German state of

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JUDITH HERSHCOPF BANKI, *former interreligious affairs director of the American Jewish Committee, is a writer and consultant. Last November she was honored for her contributions to interreligious dialogue by the Thirteenth National Workshop on Christian-Jewish Relations.*

ANTHEA DOVE

WHITBY & KLEVE

When I was very young I attended a Church of England primary school. It was during the Second World War, and whenever the siren wailed, warning of an impending air raid, our teacher would calmly lead us in orderly procession across the country lane that divided the school from the church.

I do not remember being at all frightened, only delighted at the break in lessons, the change in routine. Once inside the church we filed down into the crypt and there we took our places, sitting on the stone floor. There were about a hundred of us squashed together round the ancient boiler. This contraption heated the church above only in theory, but we were safe enough unless the enemy scored a direct hit on the church, something that never happened. We spent those hours in the crypt singing. Our teacher was the most fervent of patriots, and all our songs extolled our country, with God sometimes thrown in for good measure.

I emerged from my primary school a true-blue English girl. I was proud of my king and queen, of Winston Churchill and the Union Jack. I had a map of the world on my wall which showed a considerable proportion of the countries colored in bright red. All of these were our empire, the places that we had conquered, the people that belonged to us. I had no doubt then, that Britain was best.

These very personal reflections must seem to have nothing whatever to do with ecumenism. But it seems to me that if I am to make any headway in the understanding of how people can come to share in the truth, then I have to start by trying to work it out for myself, by tracing the influences which have led me to where I am now. Like peace, ecumenism has to begin with me and I see a clear parallel between my nationalism and my religious development.

The doubts about Britain came, gradually, almost unnoticed. They were a part of natural maturing, of rationalization, and

(Continued on page 12)

ANTHEA DOVE, *a grandmother of five and a retired teacher, is now working with a resource center for the disadvantaged in her hometown of Whitby, North Yorkshire. She spent four years as a member of the ecumenical community at Hengrave Hall in Suffolk.*

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especially of a growing, deepening Christian faith.

After the war, like any true Brit, I hated the Germans. In all our games, they were the enemy. It has been a long process that has brought me to where I am now, seeing the Germans—like the Russians, Jews, Zulus, and every other race—as my brothers and sisters, equal in the sight of God though far from equal in terms of human suffering. And I am able to acknowledge that the British have played no small part in the oppression and victimization of the world's people. I see that my country now cuts an insignificant figure on the stage of the world.

And yet, although I have come to think of myself as a citizen of the world, a creature of the planet Earth, and may seem to some to be a paragon of tolerance, to others an absolute renegade, yet there is still some gladness and pride in me that I come from this particular race, that I was born in this once-emerald isle.

I know this because, on those rare occasions when England wins a gold medal at the Olympics, I jump up and hug whoever happens to be next to me. It makes no difference that I am not really interested in sport, or that the superpowers in politics are also superpowers in athletic prowess: there is just a moment of spontaneous pride and delight which on reflection seems to be no bad thing.

And this brings me, at last, to the crux of this essay, to the point I am trying to make. There are moments when I feel spontaneous pride and delight in being a member of the Roman Catholic church.

This happened when I saw what Oscar Romero did, and did because he was a Roman Catholic. It happens when I see what Mother Teresa does, and does because she is a Roman Catholic. It happens to me when I come away from the Sacrament of Reconciliation and feel the incomparable joy that comes from the forgiving embrace of God. I am grateful and happy to be a Catholic, at a deeper and more serious level perhaps, but in much the same way as I am grateful to be English.

But such gratitude and happiness are as nothing compared to the commitment I now feel toward God and toward all those everywhere in our world, whatever their particular creed or discipline, who seek to worship and to serve him. It is not so much a case of standing together and being a light to the world, as of sharing the truth and proclaiming the kingdom of truth, justice, and love for which all people long.

It is terrible to think of what we have done to one another in the past in the name of religion. And even more terrible for us, because we see it happening before our eyes on television, are the barbarities committed by those who maim and kill one another in the name of nationalism. If hatred is the fruit of religious or national ardor, then such ardor has become evil and must be resisted and condemned.

For the ordinary concerned Christian the sense of powerlessness in the face of bigotry and fanaticism is overwhelming. We look round our world and see the apparently irreconcilable: blacks and whites in South Africa, Protestants and Catholics in Ulster, Hindus and Muslims in India. In what was Yugoslavia we see Serbs, Croats, and Bosnians—Orthodox, Catholics, and Muslims—fighting with the ferocity of caged animals. Within our Christian world we see any variety of groups entrenched within the limits of their own structures, unable, through what seems like loyalty but may be fear, to cross the barriers that divide us. Can we realistically hope for reconciliation?

Recently I experienced something which I see as a small sign of hope. It began with one man. His name is Ray Hamley and he was a British bomber pilot in the Second World War. As he watched the destruction of a church in the small town of Kleve in North Germany, where he had scored a direct hit, Ray felt a satisfied glow of achievement. The church that had been a medieval building of great beauty was now a heap of rubble. It was a job well done.

But as the years went by and Ray grew older his attitudes began to change until at last he was filled with unbearable remorse. He sat down and wrote a letter to the Burgermeister of Kleve, asking forgiveness for what he had done. The mayor passed on his letter to Father Leinung, the priest of the church (rebuilt but no longer so beautiful). He read Ray's letter to his congregation at Mass the following Sunday. He told them that he had answered the letter, saying that he personally was willing to forgive Ray, and had left it open so that anyone who wished could sign too. At the end of Mass there was a queue to read the letter, and it was posted to Ray with hundreds of signatures.

From this beginning a friendship began to grow between Ray

Nancy G. Westerfield

Where the Train Carries You

Not always to destinations
Ticketed. On a late day of December,
When you have chosen to go nowhere
Over Christmas and New Year's, the train
Will carry you there, accidentally
With an afternoon whistle, passing
Through town. You pause, the lines
Before you on terminal or page derailing
Their logic, discovering vistas to nowhere.
Crooningly, perhaps, the train carries you
Across snow-swept distances to a Christmas
Morning of children, yourself as one;
Or grievingly, with the sound the train makes
Going, you are carried to the wind-swept
Graves of them all, and yourself as one.

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and the people of Kleve. Ray lives in the historic town of Whitby on the north Yorkshire coast, and gradually more and more of his friends were drawn into this association. Last year, the people of Father Leinung's parish invited the people of Whitby to come and join them in the consecration of a new altar.

It was a pilgrimage. As on Chaucer's pilgrimage of old, we were an odd assortment of people. We were traveling to join our friends in a Roman Catholic parish, and most of the pilgrims were Anglican. When we arrived after our journey by coach, ship, and coach again, we were welcomed not as strangers or even visitors, but like old friends. These were not the hated Germans of my youth, they were people.

The consecration of the new altar was very important for Father Leinung's parish. The people had decided that it was not right for it to be consecrated until they had made a sacrifice and a gift. They waited until they had collected enough money to build a school for the poor in Kerala, South India, and when the school was built, they were ready.

When an altar is consecrated, it is usual to insert holy relics into its fabric and cover them with a stone. The relics of Kleve are unconventional, but surely as holy as the bones of martyrs. They are symbols that speak of reconciliation.

The first two relics were in their different ways connected with Poland. The first was a piece of wood, the second a piece of wire. The wood was a small fragment taken from the shrine of Saint Adalbert. In the twelfth century, Adalbert took Christianity from the region round Kleve (now known as Westphalia) to Poland. During the German occupation of Poland, a soldier from Kleve discovered that some of his comrades were about to demolish Saint Adalbert's shrine. He succeeded in stopping them.

The small piece of barbed wire came from the concentration camp at Auschwitz, scene of unimaginable suffering. Here it was that the Pole, Father Maximilian Kolbe, gave his life for another. A married man was ordered to the death chamber; the priest offered to take his place. Members of Kolbe's community came to the consecration of the altar. This community has the same dedication to Mary as the church in Kleve: in German, *Empfängis*, in Polish, *Niepokalanow*. In English, Immaculate One.

The last relic was a twig from a living tree. There were Jews living in Kleve during the war, and as elsewhere they were persecuted and carried off to concentration camps to be killed. A Catholic man hid one of the Jews in his house to save him from the Gestapo. The Jew escaped, but the Catholic was discovered, taken to Dachau, and murdered. The Jew is still alive, living in Jerusalem where he planted a tree in memory of his rescuer. Now aged eighty-four and unwell, he was unable to travel to Kleve. He sent a twig from his tree instead.

The connection between Kleve and Whitby goes back a long way. Cleveland, an area close by Whitby, got its name from the Saxon invaders from Germany. In the seventh century, Saint Willibrord, whose master, Saint Wilfrid, was a pupil of Saint Hilda in the great abbey of Whitby, traveled to north Germany and converted the people to Christianity. Then there was Ray, then there was our pilgrimage.

The stone that the bishop placed over the relics came from the ruins of Whitby Abbey.

The altar was consecrated during the Mass. In the sanctuary, amid the various Roman Catholic dignitaries, were the Anglican rector of Whitby and the Protestant minister of Kleve. And outdoing everyone in splendor were two little Tamil sisters, representing Kerala, decked in red and gold with flowers in their glossy hair. So it all came together in a celebration that was both solemn and joyous, so many threads drawn into a living center of unity and friendship. Everyone present received our Lord, redeemer and reconciler, in Holy Communion.

Whitby and Kleve are unimportant places. The consecration of the new altar made no headlines. But hearts were touched and thoughts were stirred. There was a movement, slight and almost imperceptible, toward the peace and unity our world so needs and desires.

I love my country; I love my tradition. But my heart reaches out for something greater and beyond, for the kingdom where

> The wolf will live with the lamb,
> the panther lie down with the kid,
> calf, lion and ox together
> and a little child shall lead them.
> The cow and the bear will graze,
> their young will lie down together.
> The lion will eat hay like the ox.
> The infant will play over the den of the adder;
> the baby will put his hand into the viper's lair.
> There will be no hurt or harm
> on all my holy mountain
> for the earth will be full of the knowledge of God
> as the waters cover the sea. (Isaiah 11:6-9.)

It is hard to pin our faith on such a vision, something so remote from us in time and comprehension as the reconciliation of all things. But it is the nature of the Kingdom, as of God himself, to be both transcendent and immanent, to be paradise at the end of time and to be very near.

If we can recognize the nearness of this vision in our own lives, then we can dare to break free and involve ourselves in its realization. □

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BALTIMORE & EISENACH

(Continued from page 11)

Thuringia. Some eighty Catholics, Protestants, Christian Orthodox, and Jews came together for three days of intensive discussion. This meeting focused on the search for a "common religious basis" with particular reference to the contemporary European context, and was unabashedly free of restraints on "theological discussion."

Both conferences could lay claim to some "official" or representative status. The Vatican commission responsible for Catholic-Jewish relations considers IJCIC its international counterpart for purposes of Catholic-Jewish dialogue, but clearly, the two convening agencies are vastly dissimilar. Jews do not have a hierarchy and IJCIC, an umbrella organization consisting of the American Jewish Committee (AJC), the B'nai B'rith/Anti-Defamation League (ADL), the Israel Jewish Committee for Interreligious Relations, the World Jewish Congress, and the Synagogue Council of America—the latter itself an umbrella organization of the Orthodox, Reform, and Conservative wings of American Judaism—has no enforcement powers, no mandate within the United States (it was formed solely for the purpose of facilitating dialogue with international Christian bodies), and no budget of its own for substantive programs (although its constituent organizations may carry on vigorous programs under their respective institutional banners). The two convening bodies may affirm a counterpart relationship, but in respective clout they are something like the fabled elephant and rabbit stew: one elephant, one rabbit.

The ICCJ is also an "umbrella" organization of national Jewish-Christian dialogue organizations in twenty-four countries and four continents. Its member groups enjoy varying degrees of official status within their national settings. The *Amitié Judeo-Chrétienne de France*, for example, is a voluntary effort with no official links with or funding from the church or synagogue establishments. The Dutch Council of Jews and Christians, by contrast, is an agency of the churches and synagogues, supported by both; all Jewish-Christian activities in the Netherlands are funneled through the council, OJEC. The British Council of Christians and Jews enjoys the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and the leading prelates of Great Britain and Scotland, including the archbishop of Canterbury, as its presidents. Moreover, there are now functioning—if weak and vulnerable—Jewish-Christian associations in Poland, Hungary, and the former Czechoslovakia; these were welcomed under the ICCJ umbrella at the organization's meeting in Prague, 1990. They have some measure of official status within their own countries. A fledgling Jewish-Christian association is emerging in Russia as well.

Clearly, a major distinction between the two organizations is that the ICCJ is largely grassroots—with interest groups of Christians and Jews carrying on programs of education, dialogue, or action in local communities—whereas the ILC is hierarchical, working from the top down. Thus, the participants at Baltimore were selected, rather than elected, and almost all of them were clergy; at Eisenach, ICCJ representatives were selected by their respective Christian-Jewish associations on the basis of some expertise in the subject. Most were clergy, but a number were laypersons. There are a few individuals with professional interreligious portfolios who cover both arenas; I was fortunate enough to be one of five persons who attended both meetings.

The Setting

Baltimore: Despite a sobering, preconference visit of some delegates to the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C., Baltimore's ambience was upbeat. Archbishop Keeler's gracious welcome to the ILC meeting at Saint Mary's—the first Catholic seminary established in the first Catholic diocese in the United States—called attention to the tradition of religious pluralism in the Americas, and the importance of religious liberty in Maryland, established for that purpose. He noted with pride that the Maryland Toleration Act of 1649 was the first in the Americas to establish any form of official religious toleration. (It should be noted that the much-heralded act, which did indeed establish religious toleration for Catholics, was not a brief for religious liberty as we understand that term today; it specified the death penalty and confiscation of property for anyone denying "the savior Jesus Christ to be the sonne of God." Never mind, it was a clause more honored in the breach than in the observance. The death penalty for "blasphemy" was never put into practice.) Further, the size and solidity both of Saint Mary's and Congregation Chizuk Amuno, where Rabbi Joel Zaiman hosted the final dinner, punctuated the message that Catholics and Jews had flourished in Baltimore. Both groups could feel they met on friendly ground, on a playing field made even by the U. S. Constitution.

Eisenach: Eisenach is another story. Here, Jews and Christians came together in earnest dialogue in a region rich in Jewish history, but emptied of Jews. The conference site is a fifteen-minute walk from the towering and somewhat kitschy restored Wartburg, where Luther translated the New Testament into German while hiding out after excommunication. It is a fifteen-minute ride from the city of Erfurt, once the site of a substantial Jewish community. On Kristallnacht, in 1938, that community was decimated. The synagogue was destroyed, the Jews beaten and shipped off to Buchenwald. A panel of four German Christians from Erfurt—devotedly and somewhat inexplicably pursuing Christian-Jewish rapprochement with the lone Jewish leader in the area open to such an effort—reported with embarrassment that the events of Kristallnacht were publicly wel-

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comed and approved by the Roman Catholic bishop of Thuringia at the time. The distinctive legacies of Luther's castle, the *Shoah*, and the resurgence of racism and xenophobic violence in Germany cast their long shadows over this gathering and lent a sense of urgency to the dialogue.

The Program

Baltimore: The Catholic delegation included an impressive array of hierarchs, scholars, and leaders in the church's national and international work bearing on Christian-Jewish relations: two cardinals, five bishops, participants from the Vatican, France, Israel, Poland, Canada, Brazil, Germany, and, of course, the United States, specialists in education—including seminary training—religious thought, ecumenism, and social action. Early dialogue pioneers such as Rev. Edward Flannery and Mgsr. George Higgins sat alongside current officials in Catholic-Jewish relations such as Msgr. Pier Francesco Fumagalli and his American counterpart, Dr. Eugene Fisher. It was a formidable team.

Moreover, major Catholic presentations carried forward the positive momentum established at the last ILC meeting in Prague, 1990. Cardinal Cassidy's opening statement marked, with appropriate solemnity and regret, the 500th anniversary of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain and the 50th anniversary of the Wannsee Conference, at which the mass murder of the Jewish people was planned. Cardinal Joseph Bernardin's keynote address reviewed the history of Catholic-Jewish relations in the United States, the prejudice encountered by both, their cooperation in the civil rights struggle. In a significant gesture toward Jewish sensibilities, he suggested that Vatican archives for the World War II period be opened to serious scholars on a case-by-case basis. But the main thrust of his remarks was directed outward toward the larger world, where global challenges cried out for Catholic-Jewish collaboration.

Rev. Bernard Dupuy of Paris offered a searching reflection on the *Shoah*, a subject on which the Holy See's commission will develop a statement addressed to the entire Catholic church. Additional papers on the Catholic side reported developments in Poland (Mr. Jerzy Turowicz and Bishop Stanislaw Gadecki), addressed joint social action challenges (Msgr. George Higgins), environmental issues (Msgr. Diarmuid Martin), and Catholic education about Jews and Judaism (Rev. Remi Hoeckman, O.P.).

The Jewish delegation's contribution included an address by Dr. Joseph Burg, former Israeli Minister of Religious Affairs, a response by Prof. Jean Halperin, Geneva, to Fr. Dupuy's paper, and reports on Poland (Prof. Israel Guttman of Israel), the rise of anti-Semitism and xenophobia in Western Europe (Mr. Jean Kahn of Paris), a more optimistic view of Latin America (Rabbi Henry Sobel of Sao Paolo). Papers traced the "teaching of contempt" in Catholic education, substantial progress and remaining problems (Judith Banki of the AJC and Rabbi Leon Klenicki of the ADL). The topic of health-care resources (Rabbi A. James Rudin of the AJC) and other social and ethical issues (Rabbi David Rosen and Dr. Geoffrey Wigoder of Israel) were also addressed.

With all this talent squeezed into a heavily-packed program, there was almost no time for discussion. Paper followed paper; substantive questions of great importance were raised with little opportunity to pursue them. Some of the delegates expressed frustration, commenting that they had hoped for a sustained sharing process rather than an exchange of positions. For others, the sense of frustration was compounded by the comings and goings of some in the Jewish delegation, a few of whom came for a day, or arrived to deliver a speech, but did not stay the course. The more disciplined Catholic delegation arrived together, prayed together, and stayed together. (There are some advantages to hierarchical structures. An invitation from the Holy See is not taken lightly.)

The meeting nevertheless had a strongly positive outcome. The ILC's concluding statement called for cooperation to "counteract new manifestations of anti-Semitism and racism of any kind" and to "fight sexual and economic exploitation of women and children." It asked that national bishops' conferences and Jewish communities devote one occasion each year to the dialogue. As befits a structure that works from the top down, these recommendations came out of a steering committee, headed by the two cochairs, that met separately from the conference proceedings. The steering committee agreed to meet henceforth at least twice a year.

Eisenach: The ICCJ consultation provided a rich contrast in style, not in positive outcome. Presentations by Rabbi Norman Solomon (England), ICCJ President Martin Stoehr (Germany), Rabbi David Rosen (Israel), and Dr. Simon Schoon (Netherlands) probed the conference theme. In addition to plenary lectures, six ongoing workshops explored different aspects of Jewish and Christian religious thought; these workshops provided the occasion for intense, sometimes passionate, exchanges. A draft statement by the ICCJ's Theology Committee was intensely argued, edited, reworked, and finally accepted as a basis for study and further development. As befits a structure that works from the grassroots up, ICCJ participants took their respective religious commitments very seriously as the basis for discussion, and laid them on the line. These are the people who study the Bible together, who give the courses, who fight hatred in the streets as well as in the classrooms, who do the hard, often frustrating work of Jewish-Christian relations in local communities.

On the basis of their titles alone, most of the workshops would have been considered off-limits at Baltimore: "Covenant as a Category to Determine a Common Religious Basis"; "The Ethics of the Torah and the 'Lex Christi'...as a Common Religious Basis"; "The Jewishness of Jesus and the Jewish Elements of

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the New Testament" as a common religious basis, etc.

Yet those who fear that theological dialogue might lead to syncretism would be surprised to learn that there was no glib resolution of differences, no easy answers. Covenant was judged a dubious common religious basis, because it is central and fundamental to Jewish self-understanding but does not play the same central role in many Christian churches. The Jewishness of Jesus, it was noted, is not necessarily helpful in the search for a common religious basis. While it is important to correct the depiction of Jesus as hostile to his Jewish background, and to show him as a faithful Jew, rooted in Jewish values, such correction does not make him a unifying force; Christians and Jews still look at him from different sides of the abyss of faith.

There was not even a unanimous answer to the central question of whether a "common religious basis" for cooperation was necessary. There was, however, a boundless openness—even enthusiasm—in probing the questions, in letting the chips fall as they might, in eschewing artificial limitations on expression or language. The quality of *engagement* in the quest was remarkable. Indeed, some of the workshops bypassed coffee and meal breaks, so involved were their participants in the assigned topic. Rev. Dupuy and Msgr. Fumagalli—two of the five persons at both Baltimore and Eisenach—could not be torn away from their French-speaking workshop, whose members insisted on putting in extra hours, early morning and late evening.

Joint prayer is one of the itchiest issues on the interreligious agenda. At the Baltimore meeting, there were separate Catholic and Jewish morning services, and a brief, traditional service marking Yom ha-Zikaron, Israel's Memorial Day, honoring those who have fallen defending the country, to which Christians were invited. In Eisenach, there was no joint prayer service, but the morning sessions were launched by a brief reflection or meditation. One Christian and one Jewish participant were asked on successive days to choose a text and comment on it. The comfort level within this group is high. Without anxiety about hearing another's spiritual reflections, these moments were edifying and trod on no one's religious sensibilities. In one, Dr. Elliott Wright reflected on what it meant to him, an American Protestant, to stand within the shadow of Luther's work and physical presence. But his religious debt to Luther was tempered by the realization that for Catholics, Luther brought schism and conflict, and for Jews, a legacy of hatred and persecution. In the second, Marion Kunstenaar, a leader of liberal Judaism in the Netherlands, expounded on the Torah portion of the week.

Evaluation

How evaluate these very different consultations? If the Baltimore meeting results in more frequent cooperation and consultation between the Holy See and Jewish organizations, it will have accomplished a positive good. For the assembled representatives to know one another on a human, collegial basis, is helpful. But more time for the flow of human interaction, for reflection and feedback, even for argument, would have connected the valuable final statement organically to the papers and discussions that proceeded it, rather than emerging, *deus ex machina*, on the final day of the meeting. A few of the Jewish participants gave the impression that they would

B.A. St. Andrews

For Anne Frank

She recalled how odd it was
hop-scotching right into that
soldier's arms and how he

lifted her like newsprint
from the attic floor in
the oddest kind of dance

depositing her in the cattle
car without a backward glance.
Then off she went to Bergen

Belsen to make batteries for
their war. She felt so little
energy after that but tried

to keep her light bright for
Margaret, making sure she drank
coffee from the common pot

trying to tease her into not
thinking what it might have
held before. When, frail as

a bloodroot flower, her sister
fell to typhoid, Anne felt
the fleas so badly she refused

to wear those prison issue clothes.
Her last day she couldn't get it
out of her head how their death

train had rolled slowly through
a town (she had tried to write
it down) where one small coffin

was being lowered into the oven
of earth like a domed loaf of,
she supposed, leavened bread.

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have preferred the results without the process, that the Jewish-Christian dialogue was a necessary, but vaguely uncomfortable procedure, of instrumental value in achieving certain ends, but not as a process of mutual enlightenment, and certainly not to be enjoyed for its own sake.

The Eisenach consultation could have been better programmed. A visit to nearby Buchenwald might have been arranged. (Many of the participants went on their own and missed part of the proceedings.) More information about the local Jewish community wiped out by the Nazis should have been provided. (It took an American Catholic priest, Rev. Elias Mallon, to dig up such information on his own initiative.) Nevertheless, the spirit of the meeting was powerful, and the enthusiasm with which convictions, feelings, and ultimate values were exchanged, even argued, was palpable. The conference theme *was* organically connected to the papers, discussions, and workshops. The draft final statement was also more daring, plumbing traditional attitudes of Christians and Jews toward one another, their respective rationales for entering into dialogue, the asymmetry of the relationship; it searched for a common religious basis rooted in a shared view of humanity, the world and God, a specific set of common values, and a rich common literature; and it gauged the limits of pluralism in the context of "theological humility." That the paper was felt to need more work was not surprising; what was surprising was that it was ventured at all, and felt to be important by Christians and Jews alike.

Can Christians and Jews come together in a dialogue that self-consciously restricts the language of religious expression? They tried to adhere to such guidelines in Baltimore, and the meeting was productive in outcome, but somewhat hamstrung in process. In an essay probing the *angst* (his term) about the word "theology," British scholar Norman Solomon specifies some fears he believes underlie the traditionalist position. These include: "past centuries of Christian conversionism, disputation, and general browbeating" in which Christian theology was used to discredit Judaism; fear of the imposition of a Christian agenda; fear that an honest critique of certain Christian beliefs will cause offense, that the Christian "obsession with Jesus" will lead to futile and repetitive disputes and divert people from constructive work; that Christians will appropriate Jewish sources, in effect, "stealing our traditions and denying them to us"; that traditional Jewish teaching and training, focusing on textual study and *halakha* rather than broad principles of faith, is at a disadvantage in theological discussion; the fear of "not being able to do justice to the Torah itself" (*see* "The 'Soloveitchik Line' on Dialogue," in *Problems in Contemporary Jewish Theology*, The Edwin Mellen Press, 1991).

These are not frivolous concerns, and there is an ample history of Christian abuse of the Jewish-Christian encounter to bully, harass, and cruelly punish Jews for their faithfulness to Judaism. But it is also important for Jews and Christians to know when the war is over, to distinguish present or potential friends from former enemies, and to find ways to trust one another.

Conclusion

For one who has participated in both kinds of dialogues, the exclusion of God-language from conversations among religious persons sets artificial boundaries and has a dampening effect on the dialogue. To share one's deepest faith commitments need not be threatening to others. One ground rule is essential: that dialogue should not be abused for purposes of prosyletism or religious one-upmanship.

A relevant point: the Baltimore meeting was almost entirely male. The Catholic delegation included one woman, a Sister of Zion. (What would we do without them?) The Jewish delegation included three women. (Viewing the assembly, the dean of a Jewish theological seminary remarked, "I haven't seen such a male-dominated conference in many years.") Of the twenty addresses, papers, and reports, one was given by a woman. There were no women on the steering committee. At Eisenach, about half the participants were women. Half of the resource persons and reporters were women. There are women on the theology committee and on the executive committee. They were not at Eisenach to press a specific feminist agenda, but to bring their own perspectives and opinions to bear on all the issues. Their presence more accurately reflected the real world in which Christians and Jews, men and women, strive together to overcome a bitter legacy of hatred.

Instances both of that legacy and of its denial punctuated our final day in the stark landscape of Thuringia. At a concluding dinner in the festive banquet hall of the Wartburg, with a large contingent of local VIPs in attendance, the minister of education for the state of Thuringia reviewed the history of the area, its beauty, its rich culture, its hopes for economic growth and increased tourism, skipping over entirely the years 1933-45. It was as if Hitler had never existed, as if the horror of the Third Reich had been neatly incised from the memory of the local government. This was too much for ICCJ President Martin Stoehr, himself a German, who rose to remind everyone what had happened there. Ruth Weyl, a German-born ICCJ staff member, asked this government official how he could have made such a speech to such a group. "I made a tactical error," he replied.

A few days after the conclusion of the consultation, the *International Herald Tribune* reported that three severed pigs heads were deposited outside the restored synagogue in Erfurt, wrapped in a paper demanding that the Jews must die.

Willful forgetting and willful scapegoating, the perennial plague of hatred, these are the challenges to Baltimore and Eisenach, to the highest leadership of our religious communities, and to the grassroots organizations whose members work in the trenches. This sick world needs the witness of both. □

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SPLIT DOWN THE MIDDLE

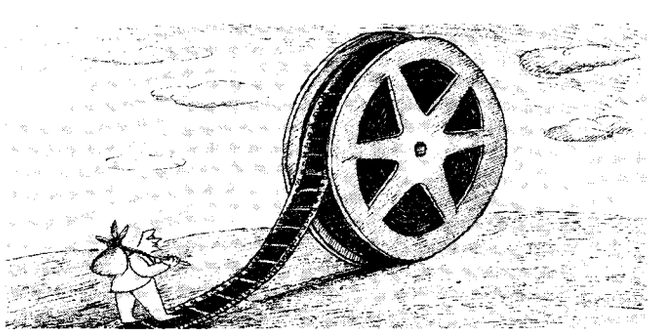
LEE'S 'MALCOLM X'

One remarkable thing about the remarkable life of Malcolm X is the way it so facilely lends itself to a four-act dramatic structure, each act corresponding to a phase of the black leader's life (leaving the all-important childhood years to be skimmed by flashbacks). The hero even bears a different name through each phase. Act 1: Malcolm Little, alias Detroit Red, spends his adolescence gambling, pimping, drug-dealing, and stealing. Result: a prison sentence of ten years (six served). Act 2: the convict, whose name is now his prisoner number, is regenerated by his conversion to a homegrown sect of Islam. Act 3: Malcolm X (the letter standing for his slavery-obliterated African name) becomes a minister of Allah and ace evangelist for Elijah Muhammad and enjoys the happiest years of his public and private life until charges of lechery against his leader initiate Malcolm's alienation from the Nation of Islam. Last act: Malcolm, now calling himself El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz, determines to remain true to the tenets of his faith while suffering the abomination of his former coreligionists (and possibly their *fatwa*) and finally meeting the death he himself foresaw and perhaps subconsciously welcomed.

In short, here is a life marked by those sudden, breathtaking reversals of perception and fortune that are the stuff of high drama. Does Spike Lee's film, *Malcolm X*, encompass the variety, the spectacle, and the complex emotionality of the life?

Lee has taken just measure of the story and has given it the sweep, the attention to detail, the forward motion, and the sense of the epic it must have just to register as entertainment, much less art. He and his cinematographer, Ernest Dickerson, have made images not only memorable in themselves but wonderfully revelatory of the story. A few examples:

The very first shot of the movie shows, looming over a downtown black district, a billboard featuring a white beauty leering down at passers-by as she proclaims the value of the advertised product. Later, when Malcolm shows off the "conk" that a pal has given him to straighten his hair and hopefully asks, "Looks white, don't it?" we remember that white amazon of paper and paste grinning down at black men who must look up at her.



After menacing the child Malcolm and his family in their Nebraskan cabin, Klan night riders gallop away toward a horizon dominated by a moon so huge and low in the sky that it seems as if the white-hooded terrorists must drive their horses right onto it. In the eyes of a four-year-old, these brutal lunatics are transcendently evil, otherworldly, literally lunar. Thus, one image paves the way for the adult Malcolm's perception of all white people as "devils."

Toward the end, Malcolm's farewell to his trusted aid, Earl, is shot in static medium distance, but when the men rise to embrace, Lee cuts in three big close-ups that make the parting reverberate.

And I feel admiration for most of Lee's telescopings, elisions, and stylizations of facts, at least all those accomplished for the sake of economy and poetic force, rather than making abrasive material palatable to a mass audience.

But, though there are memorable images throughout the movie there is a marked difference in achievement between its first half, retailing the incidents of criminality and reform, and its second half of public achievement and private happiness terminated by schism and bullets. The first half is jazzy, mercurial, rambunctious; the second half is often impressive, just as often labored, gelid, self-consciously noble. The whole film has been well planned but only the first half is vividly felt. Lee's head and heart work together in the first section but the second is entirely a product of the head.

Lee, a bard of street life and a connoisseur of sex and aggression, knows how to convey the violence and squalid glamour of Malcolm's criminal days. And, in his gangster tux and with a cigarette dangling from one corner of the mouth, Denzel Washington is Clark Gable come again. But this is a menacingly impassive Gable. Washington has a knack, whenever his character is in danger or is about to strike out, of keeping his head very still and letting his eyes go vacant. It's the stillness before an explosion. In scenes such as the one in which Malcolm quells a rebellion in his burglary ring by forcing a rival to play Russian roulette with him, Washington helps Lee achieve just the sort of glinting, moonlight-in-the-gutter poetry we get from classic gangster movies. And, as the crime lord, Delroy Lindo has the power of an aging yet still feral panther.

The ensuing prison scenes have a different sort of power, claustrophobic and isometric, that is appropriate both to the prison setting and to the rage that first seethes within the hero, then turns him into the firebrand that the public came to know.

It is at this point, the emergence of Malcolm X the orator and propagandist, that Spike Lee and the movie run into trouble. The crowd scenes are staged competently (though with no great inventiveness), and Washington continues to score as he conveys his character's rage with an amused iciness that seems to amplify the anger rather than mitigate it. The basic problem seems to be that Lee's peculiar artistry, functioning beautifully in the portrayal of Detroit Red, ceases to respond, in some fundamental way, to Malcolm X, sword of Allah. So Lee fakes it with stilted charm, conventional spectacle, and staging that is little better than what one sees in TV docudramas. The movie

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continues to move right along but it no longer sears.

The courtship scenes between Malcolm and future wife Betty are embarrassingly coy and spiritless, reminiscent of those scenes in *Gandhi* in which the Indian leader's celibate marriage is depicted as a union between overgrown teddy bears. Angela Bassett is such a good actress that she manages to give Betty a dram of humanity but, much of the time, she falls into the same trap that awaits all actors playing paragons: she aligns her spine and radiates SERIOUSNESS.

The scenes between Malcolm and Elijah Muhammad (silkily played by Al Freeman, Jr.) should have been Dostoevskian in matter and manner. Love, awe, fear, fanaticism, inklings of the supernatural, the tremulousness of faith-a-borning, and the scent of murder-to-be might have converged here and been layered in such a way that the viewer could feel that he was being submerged, little by little, into the depths of character. In the first meeting of prophet and disciple, Washington strikes the right note by approaching his master doubled over in trepidation, a true believer nearly crippled by his true belief. But nothing to come in the script matches this moment of inspired acting. Even the scene that should have been the turning point of the movie—the confrontation over the accusation of lechery against Elijah—seems a pale rendering of what might have happened, for it only reproduces the externals of Malcolm's account in his autobiography without letting us feel his torment.

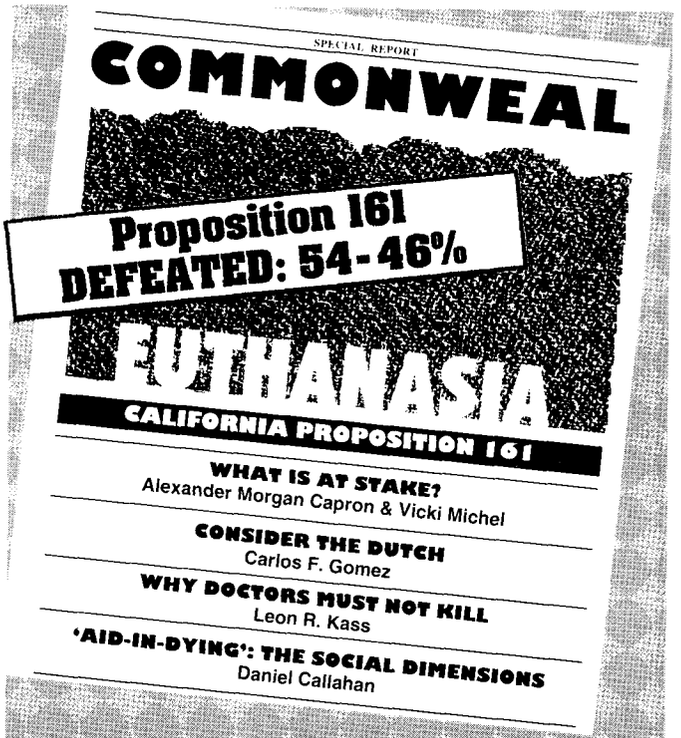
And if the depths of torment aren't sounded, neither are the heights of religious fervor scaled. The all-important pilgrimage to Mecca where Malcolm underwent a second spiritual conversion when he discovered that Muslims of all colors could eat, talk, pray, and live amiably together, is factually rendered in this film, but the style of the sequence never goes beyond that of a well-made travelogue. All those camels, all those pyramids, all those merchants in turbans duly put in an appearance while Malcolm, reading a letter home on the soundtrack, recounts his discoveries. Though we hear about the beneficial spiritual shock, we never see or feel it. In dramatic terms, it goes for nothing.

But there are brilliant scenes in the weaker half of *Malcolm X* just as there are duds in the first, successful half. To enumerate successful and unsuccessful moments does not explain why *Malcolm X* splits right down the middle.

To put it in a nutshell: while watching the life of Malcolm the gangster in this film, we are inside his consciousness. We jerk away with him from the bullets of his foes; we feel his contempt and his lust for his white girlfriend; we suffer the darkness of his solitary cell and discover, with him and through his eyes, the expressive power of words. But once Malcolm Little becomes Malcolm X, we are outside his consciousness. We watch the pageantry of Muslim oratory and Harlem crowds and enjoy the figure of stern puritanical magnetism that Denzel Washington presents; but we never feel what his character feels. Midcourse, Spike Lee's film turns from intense psychological melodrama into handsome iconography.

White movie critics have rushed into print to assure white audiences that they will find this movie irresistible ("A movie for all people!"—Siskel and Ebert). But what they haven't noticed is that

Life & death in California



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there is something about Malcolm X that resists the black filmmaker Spike Lee. And that something is the unrelenting puritanism of the man. You don't hire a hipster, no matter how talented, to make a movie about Savonarola. RICHARD ALLEVA

STAGE

OVERBITE & UNDERDONE

'MAD FOREST' & 'HALCYON DAYS'

In one of the most unusual and quietly theatrical scenes in Caryl Churchill's *Mad Forest*, a vampire, suavely menacing in his stereotypical black cape, carries on a conversation with a dog, played impressively by a naked actor on all fours. These characters—like the Archangel Michael, who appears to a priest, and the dead grandmother with whom one of the characters communicates—are Churchillian reminders that this is not a realistic play although the setting and much of the action (it takes place before, during, and after the 1989 revolution in Romania) are real enough. Nor are these fantasy scenes simply theatrical games as some of the more playful doings in Churchill's popular *Cloud Nine* seemed to be. They reflect the political and moral confusion within the country. The vampire (after all, Transylvania is in Romania) finds the contemporary chaos particularly congenial for him since no one is likely to pay that much attention to a few extra bodies. And who would check for teeth marks on the neck? The dog is one of the victims of the situation, thrown out by owners who can no longer feed him. Hungry and in need of a protective master (Christopher McCann's reiterated high whine, "I'm your dog," provides one of the memorable moments in the production), he finally convinces the vampire to take him, which the vampire does by biting him on the neck, making him—so far as I know—the first undead dog in vampire literature. The scene is funny, in a skin-crawly way, but watching the two characters do their blood-sucking master/willing slave routine, I saw a metaphor for Nicolas Ceausescu and the Romanians, whom he liked to think of as his loving people. At least, until December 1989.

Perhaps I have given too much space to a single, short scene, but—although Churchill is interested in the overarching sweep of her plays and in the ideas, usually political, that inform them—I find myself thinking of her work in bits and pieces; of a play of hers I saw in London a few years ago, all I remember is that a man was obsessed by a pig that was played by an elegant young dancer, suggesting obsession more than pigginess. With *Mad Forest* it is easier to keep the big picture in mind. Churchill is concerned with the before and after of the Romanian revolution. In 1990, she and director Mark Wing-Davey took a group of actors to Bucharest, where they interviewed people, studied the revolution and its effects, tried to absorb the atmosphere. The result is this play, clearly a Churchill work, but a product in the Joint Stock Theatre Group tradition, a collective creation. The New York production replaced the original researcher-performers with American actors.

The long second act, which depends heavily on the interviews, is a static affair in which the actors introduce the people for whom they speak and let them tell what they saw, heard, did (or avoided seeing, hearing, doing) during the few days which brought Ceausescu's reign to an end. This documentary-style scene is framed by two acts in each of which there is a wedding involving the same two fictional families. We get to know the characters, to check their animosities, their longings, their distress, and to follow the minimal plot in each case (the marriage of Lucia to an American in act 1, the marriage of her sister and her art-student boyfriend in act 3). The real business of the acts is something else again. In act 1 we get a picture of a society in which people survive by deceit, chicanery, bribery; in act 3, cut loose from the unstable stability of a corrupt world in which they know the limits of possibility, they find not the promised land they assumed lay beyond the dictator, but a morass of suspicion and accusation which turns friend against friend, children against parents, lovers against one another. They live amid questions not answers. Who was responsible for the old regime? Who is running the new one? Was the revolution really a revolution or a staged event which allowed the old rulers (minus Ceausescu, of course) to hold onto power? The play ends with the wedding of Florina and Radu, but the supposedly happy occasion turns into a free-for-all in which all the old hatreds—class, ethnic, and gender differences—reemerge. Look at any newspaper: *Mad Forest* may be set in Romania, but it is a play for our time—any place, any day.

As political plays go, Steven Dietz's *Halcyon Days* is fairly simple compared to *Mad Forest*. *Days* is a satire about the American invasion of Grenada, but its main target is not the event itself but the spin doctors—speech writers, White House advisers—who try to find the right words and video images to make an heroic occasion of a tragic farce. Almost everyone in the play—in so far as they are people with more substance than the cardboard cutout of President Ronald Reagan that is used in one scene—is greedy, ambitious, manipulative. With only a few exceptions, the characters—at least as they were played in the production I saw at the Wilma Theater in Philadelphia—were complete caricatures. Of those exceptions, the most important are a Grenadan woman (the play's only black), sharp of tongue and eye, who understands what is going on and of course has to die in misdirected shelling; and a liberal senator who is trapped between his horror at the invasion and his fear for his son—a nasty piece of goods not needing his concern—who is using his medical-school base in Grenada to run a variety of scams. These two characters, particularly the senator, suggest that the play might have gone for something more complex than the laughs it generated. It cozies up to the audience with its we-all-know-don't-we tone. The playgoers are allied with the satirist here, never his target. Dietz, unlike Churchill, chooses not to be disquieting. GERALD WEALES

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Dark side of the Enlightenment

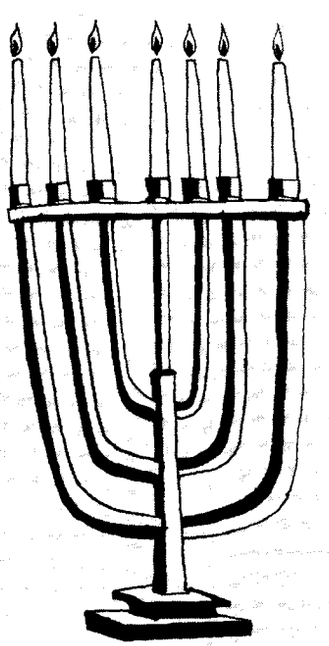
THE BROKEN STAFF
Judaism Through Christian Eyes
Frank E. Manuel
Harvard University Press, $34.95, 363 pp.

Robert L. Wilken

Among the many things that have been written about the Jews by Christians in the last several decades one passage from the decree *Nostra aetate* of Vatican II stands out in my mind: "The Church...cannot forget that she received the revelation of the Old Testament through the people with whom God in his inexpressible mercy deigned to establish the Ancient Covenant. Nor can she forget that she draws sustenance from the root of that good olive tree onto which have been grafted the wild olive branches of the Gentiles." What is remarkable about this passage is the use of the present tense in the phrase "she *draws* sustenance" from the domesticated olive tree. Of course the words are from Paul's letter to the Romans, "remember that it is not you that support the root, but the root that *supports* you" (Rom. 11.18), but the use of the present tense in 1965 carries quite different overtones than it did in Paul's day almost two thousand years ago. What may appear to be an uncontroversial citation of a familiar biblical text, appears on closer examination to be a profound and, one might add, quite untraditional theological claim: Judaism, living Judaism, not simply the history of ancient Israel or the Old Testament, is a continuing source of sustenance for the Christian church.

The history of Christian attitudes toward the Jews in antiquity and in the Middle Ages has been carefully studied in the last several decades, and it is now possible to trace, with some care, the influence of the Bible, or theological conceptions, or social setting on Christian perceptions of the Jews, and to chronicle what changes took place as Christians related to Jews in different places and in varying political circumstances. But there is another chapter in Christian views of the Jews, and that is the scholarly study of Judaism, what is sometimes called Christian Hebraism, and its role in shaping Christian understanding of the Jews. For learned perceptions of the Jews have not only shaped Christian theology, they have also helped form popular attitudes and prejudices.

In antiquity few Christians knew Hebrew and it was not until the early fifth century that Saint Jerome, the great biblical scholar, translated the Hebrew Bible into Latin. Prior to that time Christians, if they spoke Greek, had to rely on the Septuagint, a translation into Greek made by Jews before the beginning of Christianity, or Latin translations based on the Septuagint. In the Middle Ages Hebrew learning was rare, but not absent, and there were a number of distinguished Christian Hebraists, for example, Andrew of St. Victor, Roger Bacon, or Nicholas of Lyra. But it was not until the Renaissance that Hebrew scholarship established itself firmly within the Christian intellectual tradition.



Unfortunately the early modern period when Hebrew Christian scholarship flourished is almost wholly ignored in general histories and is little known to contemporary Christian scholars. This new book by Frank Manuel, university professor emeritus at Brandeis University, is an account of Christian scholarship on Jews and Judaism from the Renaissance up to the present time. It is a book about books, not a history of popular attitudes, but that does not make it any less interesting or significant. For it is apparent that even the most erudite scholars who not only knew Greek and Latin but Hebrew and Aramaic, and often Arabic and Syriac, men who were well traveled and conversant with the latest ideas, shared conventional views of the Jews that are deeply rooted in Christian piety. Like other Christians they had difficulty seeing Judaism as anything more than an inferior forerunner to Christianity. As Manuel shows, great learning was often put at the service of extravagant ideas of Jewish beliefs and practice or deployed to expose the errors of the Jews and demonstrate the superiority of Christianity.

Yet that is only one side of the story. Scholarship which sometimes began from polemical motives took on a life of its own. Manuel begins his account in the fifteenth century with the writings of Giovanni Pico della Mirandola and Johannes Reuchlin, both of whom were humanists who used their knowledge of Hebrew and Aramaic to explore Jewish Kabbala and to draw from it a fresh source of illumination to fructify Christian philosophy

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and mysticism. Others such as Joseph Scaliger (1540-1609), a French humanist, were driven by a desire to master arcane languages and saw in the study of Hebrew a way of recovering another ancient tradition just as the Renaissance had reappropriated the inheritance of Greek and Latin antiquity.

To learn Hebrew and to have access to Jewish sources these scholars and the generations that followed had to turn to Jewish scholars and publishers (without the great Jewish publishing families in Italy, at Soncino for example, there would have been no books to study), and as they had closer contact with Jews they discovered that Jewish practices and institutions of the day helped illuminate the ancient sources.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries religious and theological as well as historical and philological interests inform the work of scholars. No other period in Christian history was as well informed about the Talmud and the Midrashim as the seventeenth century. And though Christian scholars subjected Jewish beliefs to criticism, they displayed "an inquisitiveness about the Jews themselves." With the coming of the Enlightenment, however, scholarship and writing on the Jews took a new turn. Voltaire, for example, was notorious in his contempt of the Jews, and as one critic observed, his writings on the Jews were not only filled with malicious errors but were designed to "render this nation odious and despicable."

What comes clear from Manuel's survey is that the Enlightenment is a primary source of modern prejudices toward the Jews. As scholarship became more secular, it found the particularity of Judaism and the form of Jewish life inimical to the enlightened ideals that now were supposed to mark bourgeois society. "Both Kant and Herder agreed that the ritual rabbinic code alienated Jews from their fellows in society and made coexistence unfeasible. Yet, when Solomon Maimon, the refugee from the ghetto whose philosophical acumen Kant esteemed, broke with ritual Judaism, he became so isolated that Kant advised him to return to the fold. Kant had not appreciated the predicament of the Enlightenment Jews when he stated *ex cathedra* that Judaism in its rabbinic form had to be abandoned; the philosopher of the absolute moral way could envisage no mixed solutions. The loftiest authority of the Germanic world left his fellow citizens and their progeny a poisoned heritage. In rendering their judgments on Judaism, Kant and Voltaire may have infected a continent with a rampant virus that ran out of control for nearly two hundred years."

Secularism is no friend of the Jews, for it has no way of conceiving of the Jew as Jew. In spite of all that Christianity has done to Jews over the centuries, and the persistence of anti-Jewish attitudes among Christians today, Christians alone have the spiritual and theological resources to see on their own terms and to discern the intimate bond between Christians and Jews. "The Jews," in the words of Vatican II, "still remain most dear to God." Without the ongoing sustenance of the Jewish people, Christian life and faith would be impoverished. Manuel would not put things this way, but in his final pages he suggests that even the maligned phrase "Judeo-Christian" has promise as a way of speaking about the unique bond between Christians and Jews. Whatever one's view on that matter, his book opens up an unexplored avenue to continue a long-standing discussion within the Christian communities. □

TAINTED ELIXIR

INTOXICATED BY MY ILLNESS
And Other Writings on Life and Death
Anatole Broyard, edited by Alexandra Broyard
Clarkson Potter, $18, 135 pp.

Madeline Marget

It is an awful thing to be stricken with a lethal illness, as Anatole Broyard was in the summer of 1989, when he discovered he had the prostate cancer that would kill him a little more than a year later. For everyone I have ever met or heard of, the diagnosis of cancer is terrifying, the treatment is disturbing and painful, and if the outcome is death, grief is inevitable. It is important to acknowledge these truths in order to honor the brave people who struggle against them. We also must think about the afflicted and those who care for them and try to cure them, in order to form expectations and make demands that are more likely to help people who suffer from dreadful diseases.

In *Intoxicated by My Illness,* Anatole Broyard, instead of confronting the reality of illness, tried to rise above it. Such an effort could be admirable, but unfortunately, in Broyard's case, the result is wrongheaded and offensive. This collection of essays, jottings, book reviews, and an autobiographical story reveals a supercilious, superficial, and affected man, who offers his self-centered musings as prescriptions, making his book, if taken to heart, a damaging one.

Style was all-important to Broyard, and he judges himself, other people, and matters of life and death by their veneer. In his essay "The Patient Examines the Doctor," Broyard says, "If a patient expects a doctor to be interested in him, he ought to try to be interesting. When he shows nothing but a greediness for care, nothing but the coarser forms of anxiety, it's only natural for the doctor to feel an aversion. There is an etiquette to being sick. I never act sick with my doctor. As I've said, I have been accelerated by my illness, and when my doctor comes in, I juggle him. I toss him about. I throw him from hand to hand, and he hardly knows what to do with me. I never act sick. A puling person is not appealing." For blaming the victim, I've never seen the equal of this. What about the *doctor's* absolute obligation to be compassionate?

Throughout the book, Broyard ignores the impact his privileged position had on the care he received. When looking for a doctor, he starts with the advice of friends

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who, he claims, "are the two most critical people I know," "people for whom information is a religion." He rejects the first urologist he goes to. The doctor's waiting room with its "well-made, well-filled bookcases, an antique desk and chairs, a reasonable Oriental rug" passes muster, but the man himself falls short. He has "no sign of a tragic sense of life in him that I could see, no furious desire to oppose himself to fate," and so Broyard moves on, until he finds a physician who suits him. However, I see Broyard's quest through my knowledge of clinics full of desperate people, each mustering the courtesy they need to subdue sorrow and fear and to best evoke the ever-late, often brusque, doctor's attention and hope. Consequently, anger at this precious writer is the only rational response. What about the vast majority of people who don't have the money and the friends and the expectation of both to find the tailor-made care they would like—if, that is, they had the education and the sense of entitlement to imagine what that would be?

When Broyard's a patient in a hospital emergency room, he's treated very well, with more emotional closeness from the doctors and nurses than he's used to experiencing. His explanation is that in emergency rooms "there is no bureaucracy: I was not so much a patient as a needy person coming in from the street. For all its occasional horrors, the emergency room is a like a medical game, a continual improvization." He does not comment on the fact, mentioned in passing, that while the doctors and nurses were working on him "the supervising physician came in. He had recognized my name from seeing it in the paper I work for and said he was glad to meet me." Of course, many doctors and nurses, in emergency rooms and elsewhere, are good to their patients, whoever they are. But did Broyard really believe that his status as a longtime editor and reviewer for the *New York Times*, and the sense of self he had from having held such power, didn't have enormous impact—not only during this incident but all the time—on the manner with which he was treated?

The choices Broyard makes in qualities to value and damn in people are yet another indication of his fallacious thinking. "All my friends are wits," he says, paying a compliment to his intimates. But what are we to think of a person who, by implication, requires "wit" in another as a ticket to friendship? What about the good people, serious people, oppressed people that this standard is likely to exclude? Broyard's mother, for one. He describes her—or the character based on her—in "What the Cystoscope Said." The father has just died and Broyard indicates, as he has elsewhere in the story, the mother's terrible shortcoming. "She spoke the language of hysteria, which I have never learned, but which I suspect is made up of clichés. I looked over her shoulder while she wet my shirt again." The father, on the other hand, is a great guy, although "a halfhearted anti-Semite" in the story, and in "The Patient Examines the Doctor" (this very short book is also a repetitive one), "an old-fashioned Southern anti-Semite" who preferred Jewish doctors because he "believed that a Jewish doctor was closer to God and could use that connection to 'Jew down' death." As a result of his father's teachings, Broyard declares that he's found "a certain predisposition

"An illuminating look at one of the South's gifted literary voices."
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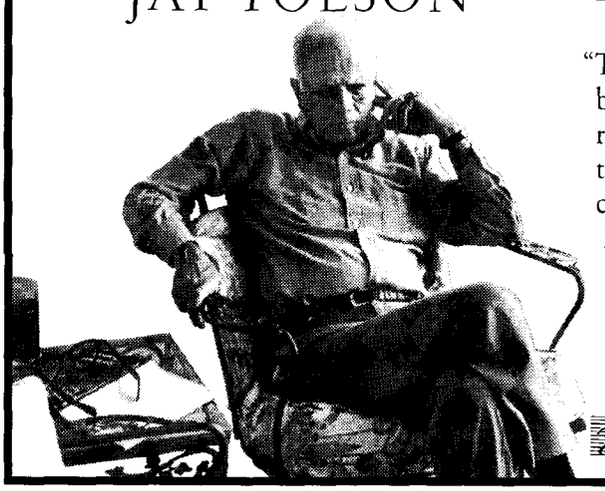
Pilgrim in the Ruins

A LIFE OF Walker Percy

JAY TOLSON



"His portrait of Percy as the quiet and unassuming hero of his own life is very moving."
—*New York Times Book Review*

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—*Boston Globe*

"This splendid biography...brings the reader closer to Percy through a subtle, critical and profoundly loving analysis of his life and art."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

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in myself in favor of Jewish doctors."

The sophomoric writer of "What the Cystoscope Said," published in 1954, hasn't matured in the later writings that make up the rest of *Intoxicated by My Illness*. He's read a lot, and discusses literature's contribution to the understanding of illness. He cites many writers, giving everybody—from Tolstoy to Bernie Siegel, Kafka to Kubler-Ross—equal weight, but his insistence on false parallels and metaphors and his overblown claims for the gift of language drown out lessons the good writers, at least, have for us. For example: A friend with lung cancer dies not of his disease, says Broyard, but because a stroke left him unable to speak, and "He died not of cancer exactly, but of pneumonia, as if his lungs had filled with trapped speech and he had drowned in it."

Broyard wrote this sentence, and most of *Intoxicated by My Illness,* during the last months of his life. I am sure that to his family and friends his ability to keep working, and his wish to contain and tame the dreadful thing that was happening to him, were therapeutic and admirable and lovable. But as published work, his idiosyncrasies are none of these things. Acceptance of Broyard's words or tone could tempt readers to dismiss or denigrate the expression of agony, in ourselves or someone else, over a malignant growth, a painful or isolating disability, or a premature or lonely death, instead of giving these experiences the recognition decency demands. Literature's purpose is to reveal the truth, but *Intoxicated by My Illness* is a denial and falsification of suffering. □

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THE PRICE OF 'ECONOMIC MIRACLES'

LABOR AND ECONOMIC GROWTH IN FIVE ASIAN COUNTRIES
South Korea, Malaysia, Taiwan, Thailand, and the Philippines
Walter Galenson
Praeger, $39.95, 144 pp.

Robert A. Senser

It is almost impossible to visit downtown Singapore or Seoul or Kuala Lumpur, as a tourist or as a businessperson, without admiring their bustling modernity. And you don't have to be an econometrician to be impressed by East Asian GNP figures. In fact, the economic growth of some East Asian countries, hailed as "tigers" and "little dragons" (Japan being the big dragon), has been so vigorous that many economists view them as development models for the whole third world.

Of course economic development, as usually conceived, is not the same as *human* development. The 1991 and 1992 annual reports of the United Nations Development Program (UNDP) spell out the difference, a belated finding still not generally recognized in practice by international organizations or by their member governments. The euphoric literature about East Asia also seldom bothers to recognize the difference, and thus seldom takes into account the gross violations of human rights that afflict much of the region. Governmental intrusion into the lives of ordinary Singaporeans, for example, runs the gamut from a ban on chewing gum to the "demise of the rule of law," to quote an indictment of Singapore by the international human rights committee of the New York City Bar Association.

Vital to an evaluation of the East Asian development model is how economic growth has benefited ordinary working stiffs, who generally are among the most vulnerable persons in any economy, regardless of its ideological inspiration. The latest book by Walter Galenson, professor emeritus of economics at Cornell University, briefly explores this neglected subject for South Korea, Malaysia, Taiwan, Thailand, and the Philippines. This selection includes one East Asian country that is not among the region's economic tigers, the Philippines, and excludes two city-states that are, Singapore and Hong Kong. Galenson's explanation for this exclusion, their "truncated economies," overlooks the regional and global economic reach of both Singapore and Hong Kong. For that matter, he tends to see each country's labor market policies and practices as walled off by borders—a perspective that weakens much of his comparative analysis.

His country-specific findings are that workers within the five countries have generally made gains through more jobs, especially for women, and through modestly higher real earnings in manufacturing jobs, partly because of long hours. Statutory social benefits are meager. Income distribution has shown little progress, and the evidence of that is "not unambiguous," he writes. In short, to use his own summary, the five countries "are a long way from being modern welfare states." Even that acknowledgment does not accurately portray the status of the area's workers, once you look behind his macro data.

Although Galenson compiles a great deal of miscellaneous historical information on industrial relations and on political changes in governments, he provides hardly any analysis of how governmental authoritarianism impacts on industrial relations. Most significantly of all, he ignores how authoritarian governments and foreign employers have evolved various forms of national and transnational collaboration to repress the basic rights of workers. Information about that repressive collaboration is essential for an understanding of the East Asian free-market model.

The reason for this omission may be that

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he gathers a great deal of his information from the World Bank and the U.S. Labor Department's "Foreign Labor Trends" series. He does not draw on human rights reports of the State Department or of organizations such as Asia Watch, which provide incriminating information about East Asian violations of basic rights and about the environment in which they flourish. So he ignores an overarching element in that environment: the lack of respect for the rule of law. The New York City Bar Association study, for example, documents how the decline of the rule of law has had a corrosive effect in both Singapore and Malaysia. In that decline both governments have taken a long series of extralegal actions against workers and their organizations.

So it is a misleading understatement to write, as Galenson does, that the labor movement in Malaysia is handicapped by "strict government regulation." More fundamentally, the government of Malaysia simply bends or ignores the country's own laws and regulations to maintain control of the labor force and to keep foreign businesses happy.

A major case in point is the persistent but unsuccessful effort of the country's electronic workers to affiliate with an existing national union or to form a national union of their own. In 1973 the Malaysian government, ignoring its own laws on the right to unionize, invited electronics multinationals into Malaysia with the promise of a ban on unionism. Since then it has worked closely with foreign employers to keep genuine unions out of the reach of the industry's workers, who now number about 120,000, most of them women. This repression, incredible in its scope, intensity, and duration, has become a recurring and unresolved issue at almost every annual conference of the International Labor Organization in Geneva. Ironically, Malaysia gives foreign employers, including the large American contingent, full freedom to form their own associations to protect their own interests. This anomaly is not unusual in East Asia.

Under the harsh realities of the region, any conduct other than docility makes workers subject to severe punishment from the employer and even from the police. While sometimes proclaiming that their workers have the right to join or not to join a union, U.S. and foreign employers generally work diligently to keep their East Asian workplaces "union free," and seldom hesitate to call upon the intervention of the local governments for direct support. This collaboration in repression, as practiced especially against women workers, who have entered the East Asian labor force in ever increasing numbers, is no secret but has yet to be fully exposed in the international media.

Although it escapes Galenson's analysis, a sharp internal contradiction, therefore, runs through East Asia's model of development. The model's short-term strength is that it attracts foreign businesspersons, their investment capital, and their connections, which open up the lucrative U.S. market for massive imports from East Asia. Its long-term weakness is that it bestows far more freedom and privilege on a relatively small number of transient foreigners than it does on most of a country's lifelong citizens.

An earlier model of development bore a similar discriminatory characteristic, which over time sealed its fate. In its own day, though, colonialism was exceedingly popular. □

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IN GOD'S (SPLIT) IMAGE

THE LONELY MAN OF FAITH
Joseph B. Soloveitchik
Doubleday, $15, 112 pp.

Michael Wyschogrod

Joseph B. Soloveitchik has been the spiritual and intellectual leader of modern Jewish Orthodoxy since his arrival in this country in the mid-1930s. Descendant of a long line of outstanding Lithuanian Talmudists, Soloveitchik broke new ground—traditionally, Talmudists did not acquire a secular education—by studying philosophy at the University of Berlin in the late twenties and obtaining a Ph.D. with a dissertation on Hermann Cohen, the founder of neo-Kantianism. He quickly found his audience at Yeshiva University, the institution of American Orthodoxy that combines traditional rabbinic scholarship with respect for the achievements of the modern world. Advanced in age (he was born in 1903) and ailing, Soloveitchik's impact on American Judaism and Orthodoxy in particular is immeasurable.

But this impact has not been mainly by means of the written word. Soloveitchik was first and foremost a teacher and master lecturer whose message could not be separated from his presence. Over the years, he has published a small number of essays and transcripts of some of his lectures have also appeared. *The Lonely Man of Faith* first appeared in 1965 as an article in the journal *Tradition* and is the most substantial piece of writing Soloveitchik has published. Doubleday deserves the gratitude of the whole religious community for publishing it in book form.

Soloveitchik distinguishes two human types, Adam I (Gen. I) and Adam II (Gen. II). Adam I wants to know how the cosmos functions. His goal is mastery over the world which he achieves by means of scientific knowledge. The mathematical physicist is the most characteristic representative of this approach. Adam I is carrying out the command to "fill the earth and subdue it" (Gen. 1:28). In so doing, he is not rebelling against God but acting in accordance with his nature which was created and willed by God. Adam I is an aspect of all human beings as they exercise their rational and esthetic faculties.

While Adam II is also intrigued by the cosmos, the questions he asks are of a more metaphysical nature. Instead of being concerned primarily with how the cosmos functions, Adam II wants to know the purpose of creation. He does not mathematize the world but takes it seriously as it appears. "He looks for the image of God," writes Soloveitchik, "...in every beam of light, in every bud and blossom, in the morning breeze and the stillness of a starlit evening." While the power Adam I achieves bestows on him the dignity that results from mastery over nature, Adam II seeks redemption, which Soloveitchik understands in less social and more ontological terms. "Dignity," he writes, "is acquired by man whenever he triumphs over nature. Man finds redemption whenever he is overpowered by the Creator of nature." Adam II is inherently religious while Adam I, though carrying out a divine mandate, is deeply secular, uninterested in ultimate questions that cannot be asked or answered in scientific categories.

Curiously enough, Soloveitchik emphasizes the theme of loneliness throughout the book. It is a topic clearly of more than academic interest to him. He tells his readers that he is lonely, in spite of all the friends he has. It is almost as if his religious identity is tied up with his loneliness. And this is also true of Adam II whose loneliness is rooted in his very being. Adam I, Soloveitchik points out, was created together with Eve while Adam II must first be diagnosed by God as being lonely before he is given the gift of Eve. Community is therefore natural to Adam I while loneliness is Adam II's point of departure. Adam II is a deeper person than Adam I. Soloveitchik clearly identifies with Adam II.

But Soloveitchik is not hostile to Adam I. Here and there he intimates that the drive to gain mastery over nature can go too far and there is a danger that Adam I will develop a demonic dimension. When this happens, we are in the presence of a good thing going too far rather than the unfolding of a disposition wrong from its inception. While clearly partial to the "man of faith," a synonym for Adam II, Soloveitchik refuses to condemn the human drive to gain mastery over nature because it is divinely ordained. So he is faced with the task of harmonizing the secular and religious impulses, never entertaining the possibility that this may be a more difficult task than he seems willing to concede. The urge to "fill the earth and subdue it" blends without too much difficulty into the project of subduing one's fellow human being or one's fellow nation. The habit of subduing is not a good one to get into.

This is the work of a deeply religious personality educated in rabbinic thinking and modern philosophy. For a Talmudist, Soloveitchik is remarkably biblical, even if his interpretation of the Adam I and II should be read more as a midrash than as exegesis in the modern sense. Either way, this is a work that deserves careful study. □

REVIEWERS

ROBERT WILKEN, *a professor in the religious studies department at the University of Virginia, is author of* The Land Called Holy *(Yale University Press).*

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

filed suit—and were countersued by the pastor for defamation. These tactics echo a 1986 speech by James Serritella, archdiocesan attorney, who told a gathering of order superiors in River Forest: "When one of these situations develops, those people [meaning the families] are the enemy, and I'm on your side."

Last year Cardinal Bernardin convened a three-person commission, which drew up the blueprint now much touted. The commission too declared the charges against the Northbrook pastor "unfounded"—without interviewing the families. Said the Rev. Thomas P. Doyle, former canon lawyer at the Vatican Embassy and coauthor of a 1985 report that warned the bishops of the crisis: "Bernardin's policy is window dressing to set up a defense against lawsuits." Pastoral values decay when bishops bunker in behind lawyers, who try to humiliate, frustrate, or thwart good people who have been hurt. That is the lesson of the Chicago archdiocese.

JASON BERRY

The writer is the author of Lead Us Not into Temptation: Catholic Priests and the Sexual Abuse of Children *(Doubleday).*

The editors reply:

Jason Berry has done important and often thankless work in bringing to light incidents in which Catholic clergy have sexually molested children and church officials have covered up these crimes. However, we are not persuaded of the broader conclusions he draws about the scope of the problem nor of his characterization of the church's current response.

First, Berry's figure of "one priest every ten days reported to church or civil authorities" is inexact and needlessly ambiguous. The same priest? A number of them? How many? Incidents thirty years old, as in the Porter case in Boston? Or current incidents? Of all the reports, how many must be accepted as credible?

Second, we think that the hierarchy has made a serious effort to end the pattern of denial and resistance that was once prevalent, if for no other reasons than the cost of financial settlements and the pressure of insurance companies to force the issue. We believe that "the old approach of recycling the offenders," and thereby failing to confront priest molesters, is no longer the policy. Of course no system is perfect, especially one as decentralized as the U.S. Catholic church. But—in large part because of Berry's own news stories—attitudes and, more importantly, institutional practice, have changed.

Should priest-offenders be removed from roles that entail contact with young people? Absolutely. Should all offenders be removed from the priesthood? That is a more complicated question, and depends on the nature of the offense and the prognosis for the offender. We do not see why Berry sees the clinical distinction between pedophilia and ephebophilia as merely "academic." Of course, the distinction is subject to change as therapeutic experience grows in treating such conditions. But reducing the conditions to a single phenomenon helps neither the victims nor the treatable offender, who, as Berry knows, has often been a victim of abuse himself.

Berry concedes that celibacy is not the cause of such sexual illness, but argues that the "crisis is rooted in a celibate mindset." To a certain extent, we share his suspicion, and we explictly acknowledged this possibility in the editorial. But his assertion that the priesthood is "honeycombed with secrecy about sexual behavior [and] does not have democracy's equivalent of checks and balances" is misleading. Many professionals prefer not to take notice of unacceptable behavior by their colleagues, including sexual misconduct. That is no excuse for the clergy, it simply points up the difficulty under any regime of confronting and policing "one's own." Too much can be attributed to celibacy, and imprecise assertions about "the surge of gays through the seminaries" only muddy the waters even more.

Concerning the specifics of the Chicago case Berry mentions, we are unable to offer an informed judgment. All accusations should be fully investigated, and it is our impression that Cardinal

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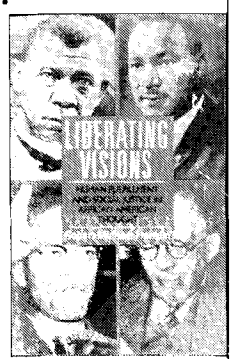

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Bernardin is committed to just such action. If that is not happening, it should be reported. We would be eager to offer space for that purpose. But, as difficult as any investigation is for victims to bear, accusation must not be regarded as tantamount to proof. Precisely because child molestation is so heinous a crime, people who are falsely accused of it must be able to clear their names. In finally granting victims a measure of justice, it benefits no one to deny it to the accused.

Rights of the accused

Address withheld

To the Editors: This is not a conventional letter to the editors, although it was prompted by your insightful and balanced editorial, "Priests & Sex" [November 20, 1992]. I write to point up some vexing, practical aspects of dealing with sexual abuse by priests. I am a lay attorney who represents a medium-sized Catholic diocese, and in that capacity have been involved with the problem of developing policies to deal with such abuse, both for the diocese and for other religious institutions.

Our diocese has a sexual abuse policy. It provides for a response team, of which I am a member. The team makes specific, pragmatic judgments and recommendations to the bishop. Our procedure is not unlike that currently in place in Chicago, though because of limited diocesan resources it is not so extensive.

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We treat every charge seriously. When the response team, after interviewing the victim or the victim's family and anyone else offered by the victim, determines that the charge appears to be credible, it so advises the bishop. At this point, we are invariably confronted with denial by the accused priest—whether he is, in fact, totally innocent or a serious abuser. In response to our recommendation, the bishop promptly suspends the priest or puts him on indefinite leave of absence. The bishop also requires that the priest submit to an evaluation at a sexual disorder clinic such as Johns Hopkins in Baltimore or the St. Luke Institute in Suitland, Maryland.

As you are no doubt aware, the concept of sexual abuse is very broad, both under our law and in common perception. It runs from the vilest exploitation of youth to simple indiscretion that would have gone unnoticed twenty years ago, a response that is clearly inappropriate today. Many claims being made now are based on conduct that is not current but is alleged to have occurred from ten to twenty years in the past, and even longer.

Once removed from the parish and "sent away," a priest becomes the subject of rumors. Recent television programs and press reports on clergy child abuse have raised public awareness. Whether or not grounded in fact, these rumors begin to cause harm to the reputation of the accused.

The process of professional evaluation at a clinic involves intense sessions designed, among other aims, to break down denial in the accused and to persuade the accused to disclose the identity of other victims or possible victims. The process often includes pressing the accused to write down the details of his improper conduct. In most cases, the clinics succeed in breaking through denial, at least enough to permit an acceptable diagnosis. Since the evaluation is being made for the diocese, we are advised of the clinic's findings and recommendations.

All this is invaluable to our response team in assessing the seriousness of the situation, seeking out and approaching other identified possible victims to whom spiritual and psychological help may be offered, and recommending a future course to the bishop in dealing with the accused. If the professional evaluation reveals a problem of any dimensions and recommends treatment, treatment is provided to the accused, even though he may no longer be suitable for ministry.

A separate problem rises once it is apparent that a priest has been "sent away." Many victims, alleged victims, activist groups, the media, and others insist on a full revelation of the evaluation, identification of the victims, and the actions taken by the bishop. Absence of full disclosure brings the charge of "cover-up," a charge that makes us cringe because it is so hurtful to the church.

It is relevant, however, that full public disclosure by us where there has been abuse is likely to prod the police and prosecutor to take action. If I were the attorney for an accused priest, I would feel compelled to advise him that sexual abuse is a crime, that he has a constitutional right not to incriminate himself, and that to preserve this right he should not admit to any unlawful conduct in the course of his evaluation. Data of this kind would be enough to ensure his criminal conviction. For me, even an erring priest should not be subjected to a forced confession process that can put him in jail. Whatever one thinks of the constitutional prohibition, the procedure smacks too much of an inquisition when criminal penalties are possible. Moreover, other than in the most outrageous instances, jail has no value and is usually counterproductive for a person with this type of disorder.

On the other hand, if a priest-abuser protects himself from such a confession, the evaluation is almost certain to be a failure. Denial continues. The diocese is unable to reach an informed judgment, and the accused is not going to be amenable to treatment. Victims are outraged by the continued denial and quite likely to bring civil or criminal action, or both.

My conclusion from this line of reasoning, and my strong recommendation, is that our response team scrupulously maintain the confidentiality of what we

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learn through our investigation, interviews, evaluation, and the treatment process. Even though the priest may have been a serious sinner, I see no justification for our publicly branding him with the scarlet "A" of abuser. We are all sinners, and we have been challenged not to publicly stone another sinner. It is not clear to me that such "stoning" is needed by the victims or helpful to their healing.

There could be a compelling reason for disclosure if it were the only or best means of preventing further abuse by the accused. However, once a priest is suspended or put on leave and sent for extensive evaluation and perhaps treatment, it is highly unlikely that he would or could engage in improper conduct while a priest. By the actions of the bishop, the word is out in the priest's own diocese, and no longer would he just be sent off to another diocese. If the priest does have a problem, he will either be compelled to resign or will be placed in a situation where contact with potential victims is limited, and close supervision and monitoring can be implemented. (Frankly, the latter alternative is so difficult that it is now rare.)

Despite a recent favorable ruling in an Illinois court, it remains a serious and unresolved problem whether our confidentiality can be preserved against the demands of police or prosecutors. But this challenge rises only when victims are willing to go public, since no legal action can be taken on the basis of anonymous accusations. The problem I am concerned about here is that the position on confidentiality I now recommend, in those instances in which victims do not come forward, brings frequent charges of cover-up. Victims who (understandably) do not wish their own identities disclosed often want public exposure of the accused. The media seek complete exposure. Giving in to this clamor is in some sense an easy way out. The church appears to come clean.

I should make clear that, as a matter of policy, the diocese does not discourage or interfere with an alleged victim's desire to go public, to cause criminal charges to be brought, or to file a civil suit against the accused and the diocese. On the contrary, we make it explicit to the alleged victim and his family that these are courses of action open to them, and that we in no way wish to hinder them from pursuing any of these options.

If the victim does decide to go public, the diocese or other institution obviously must respond publicly. But in the more usual case, where no victim wants to come forward, I have strongly recommended that we strive to preserve confidentiality. This puts a heavy burden of apparent "cover-up" on the bishop and the institutional church, a burden that I think must be borne in fairness to the accused.

In view of the constant criticism of the church's response to claims of sexual abuse, and particularly because of the cost to the church of appearing to cover up such charges, I recognize that my position, though strongly felt, may be wrong. It seems to me that responsible members of the press—particularly Catholics who want their church to act properly, but who also believe in the right to know and who regularly battle real cover-up strategies—

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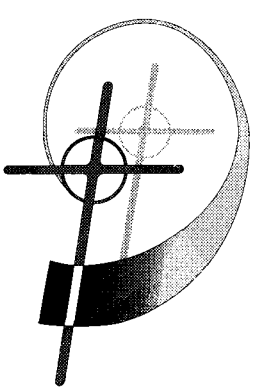

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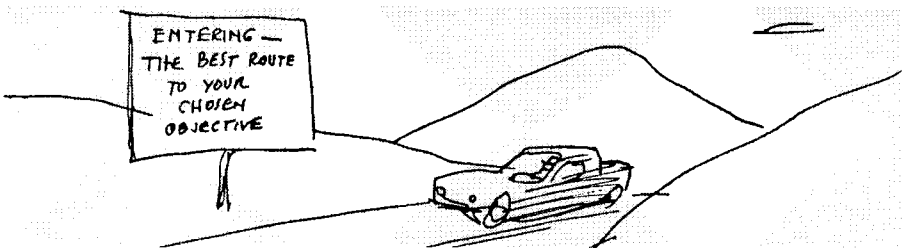
may best counsel whether my position is unwise, or may offer a better alternative. I therefore respectfully solicit your advice, comments, and criticism.

NAME WITHHELD



The editors reply:

Our attorney-correspondent is right to assume that we place great value on freedom of the press in service of the reader's right to know. Because the problem he raises is multifaceted, however, we want to acknowledge that there are other perspectives besides that of journalism that need to be taken into account. For that reason, we invite readers to append their own "advice, comments, and criticism" to our own.

Jason Berry's coverage in the *National Catholic Reporter* was the first to bring the extent of the problem of sexual abuse by the clergy into public view; the results demonstrate the value of a free and vigorous press, since without public knowledge the problem would still be festering. However long it may have taken—and, even now, however tentative a solution has been found—our correspondent shows that, at least in the diocese he represents, a local church has established a process that has its priorities right. A pastoral approach to victims must be the first (and continued) response. Efforts must then be made to ascertain the responsibility of the priest, and, if necessary, to provide him with treatment and remove him from temptation, possibly from the priesthood.

Does the church also have an obligation to make a public disclosure or to respond to questions from the media? If a diocese has created and faithfully carries out a policy of listening to the victim and, where appropriate, confronting and removing the priest; if that policy is publicly known; and if the victim or his parents choose to keep the matter private, it would seem that the church has a positive obligation to maintain confidentiality.

That journalists have a right to ask questions—whether in defense of the public interest or in pursuit of headlines—does not mean that those questioned are compelled to respond. A consistent "no comment" should be regarded as part of the diocesan policy, provided it is meant to protect the identity of the victim and the rights of the accused. If the policy brings about charges of a cover-up, that may be the price that will have to be paid for past evasions.

Many thanks, but...

Oak Park, Ill.

To the Editors: Your publication of my letter [Correspondence, November 20, 1992] was your gracious way of letting former members of the Young Christian Workers and Young Christian Students know about the *Cardijn Newsletter.* But if some readers are interested in getting the newsletter or in learning about the formation of new YCW or YCS groups, they will have a problem getting in touch with us—the Zip Code on the address you printed was incorrect. From experience with the mechanical sorting done by the Postal Service, I know that persons writing to us with the wrong Zip Code will have their letters returned marked "addressee unknown." Can you help?

MARY IRENE ZOTTI

From the editors: It shall be done. The correct address is: Cardijn Associates, 210 S. Wesley Avenue, Oak Park, IL. 60302.

Dancing at Ty Mam Duw

Walnut Creek, Calif.

To the Editors: Oh how far doth *Commonweal* throw its beams? Last January you brought me the Graymoor Prize essay by the Colettine Sisters in Wales ["The Buck Stops Here," January 17, 1992], reporting their ecumenical outreach. It interested me greatly that it included liturgical dance. For years I'd been trying, with encouraging rejections, to publish my meditations on the Rosary, and to produce a scenario for dances to go with them.

I sent my material for the Joyful Mysteries to the Colettines at Ty Mam Duw

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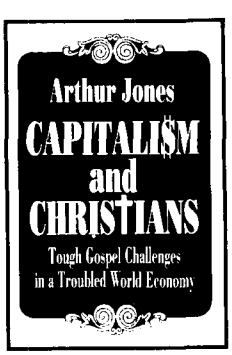
Arthur Jones is an economist by training, a former associate editor and European bureau chief of FORBES magazine, and is presently editor-at- large for the **NATIONAL CATHOLIC REPORTER.**



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in Clwyd, and they welcomed it. From their first letter I learned that Sister Juliana and I had, in common, learned to make spotlights out of large coffee cans.

My design for the stage set—a spiral of ascending platforms—seemed out of their reach, but with donated material and labor they got it built. More donated material (old drapes) provided costumes and backdrops, and the accompanying music (some composed by the sisters and all rendered by schola and ensemble) ranged from Praetorius to a blues setting of "O where you go" from the Book of Ruth. My meditation was read as introduction before each mystery; the closing prayer was my interpretation of the Lord's Prayer.

The premiere on the eve of Advent "was all that could be wished," Sister Juliana wrote, in a detailed report that arrived with a sound recording. She included six hand-colored sketches (the camera had balked). The "house" was overfull (140 people, 120 seats), "so 20 or so of the men (this is Wales where they love old-fashioned manners) stood at the back." Among the audience was Barry Jones, "shadow secretary of state for Wales," who "never knew nuns did this sort of thing!"

Reading their script as I heard the recording, I laughed happy tears. "Who else in Walnut Creek," I asked myself, "has an illuminated chronicle of mystery dances from a convent in Wales?" Thanks for your kindly beams on our distant corners.

LEON LUKASZWESKI

The mix was right

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: In "Religion & Politics: How Not to Mix Them" [November 20, 1992], Clark E. Cochran gives his impressions of one parish's effort to respond to the recent Maryland abortion referendum. Mr. Cochran complains that a political stand was taken without connecting it with the faith of the church. He leaves his readers with the impression that Cardinal James Hickey's letter was meant to supplant the homily. From that limited experience, Mr. Cochran proceeds to lecture church leaders on the proper way to "mix religion and politics."

Commonweal readers would have been better served had Mr. Cochran checked his facts with the cardinal's office. In fact, great efforts were made to "connect" the message of the Gospel with the efforts to defeat the abortion referendum. Prior to that weekend the cardinal held meetings with the priests of the archdiocese, largely devoted to the delicate and important task of preaching on that particular weekend. Sample homilies were offered; a priest who is especially skilled in communicating the prolife message gave advice on suitable pastoral approaches. It is clear that the cardinal's letter was never intended to supplant the homily.

Sadly, the abortion referendum was passed. Postelection polls indicate, however, that the Catholics of the archdiocese responded magnificently. Mr. Cochran has offered his readers a snapshot but he has missed the whole picture.

(MSGR.) WILLIAM E. LORI

The writer is secretary to Cardinal Hickey, archbishop of Washington, D.C.

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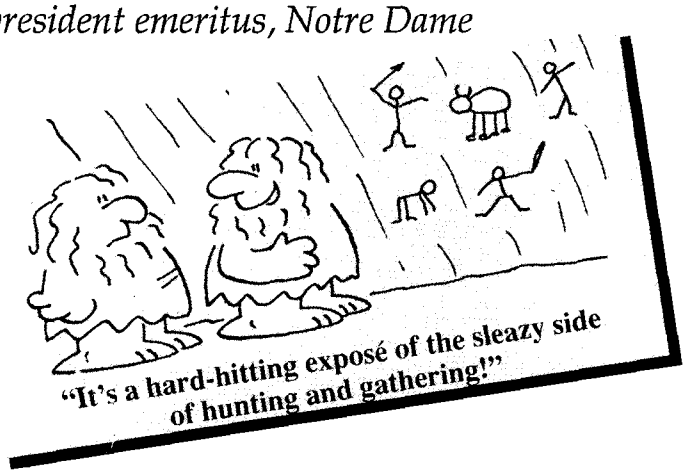

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